

Julian L. Smith

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THE CHILD.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

"And a little child shall lead them."

The pulse of humanity throbs with fuller life,
Its tides of love more potently o'erflow
From heart to heart, as down the many years
The angels' song, in accents sweet and low,
Is wafted by the wings of memory.

The veil of time is lifted from the past,
Our eyes behold the babe, divinely sweet,
Just at the first, the King we later see:
For thus it is that God hath found it meet
To teach unto the soul love's mystery.

The child in all its human frailty
Is folded close unto each aching breast.
The tiny fists, the fragrant warmth of neck,
How oft in fancy have they been caressed,
Till even empty arms are comforted.

Those little tender feet that nestled close
Within protecting clasp of woman's hand,
The feet that all predestined were to climb
Such heights of pain unto the promised land,
Draw us more near through mortal in-
fancy.

How God hath proved His own omniscience!
From Manger unto Cross we follow on,
Until the Savior, Lord revealed stands.
And now full well is understood the song:
The child hath led us all the way along.

Leonardo da Vinci.

THE LAST SUPPER.

Matthew 26:26-29.

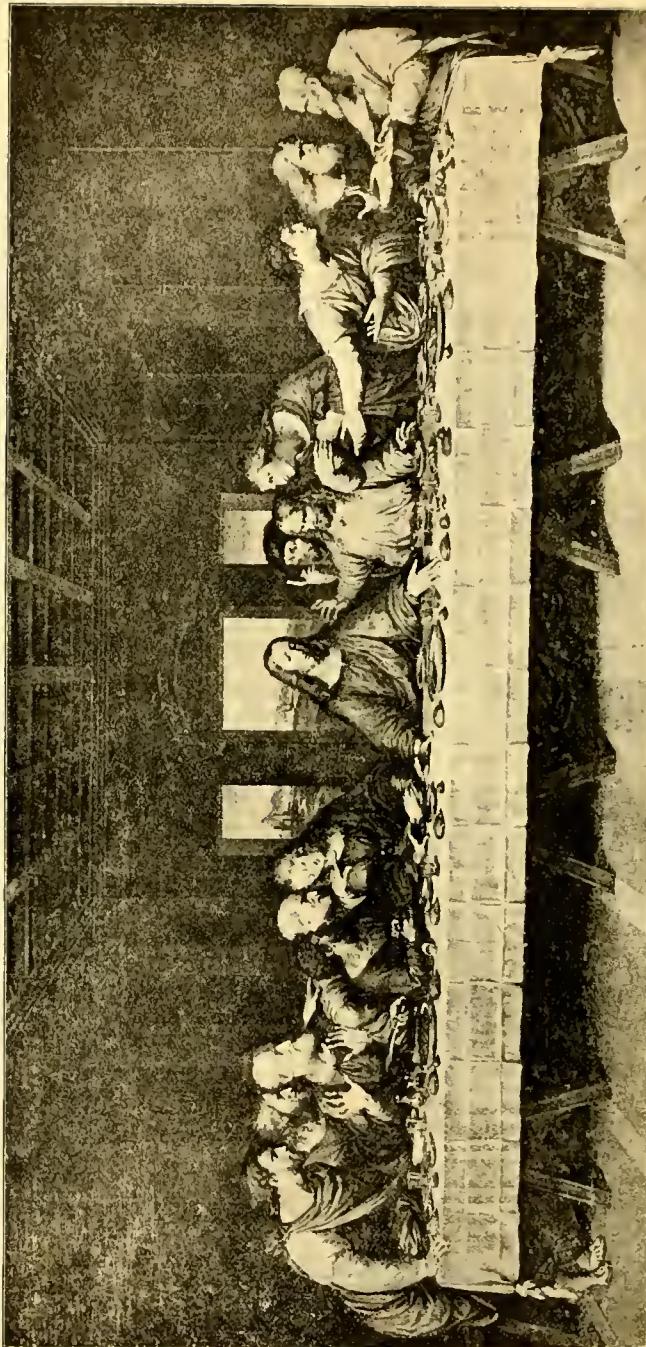
26. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

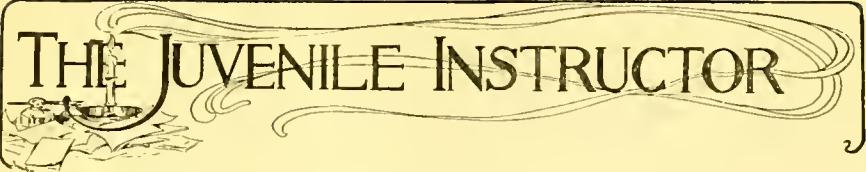
27.

And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

28. For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins,

29. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new





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No. 2.

"Making Good."

By John Henry Evans.

"Pardon me, lady, but I'd like to ask you if all that's really true?"

I turned around from the show-case into which I was looking for the right sort of ink for my husband's new fountain pen, and confronted a trampish looking young man. I was in the Bureau of Information building. Had he spoken to me? The large blue eyes, peering straight into mine, told me plainly that he had.

He repeated the question.

"I really don't understand," I protested.

A flush came over his face. "Of course you don't," he cried; "how could you?" And then more to himself than to me—"Because I've been thinking about it myself so much, it seems as if the whole world's thinking about it, too. You're the lady that had the group of children out there near the Temple, aren't you?"

I admitted that I was.

"And you talked to them about God, didn't you?"

Again I replied that I did.

"You said that God is in the form of a man, didn't you, and that He's interested in everybody in the world?"

"Yes."

"That's what I want to speak with you about. I want to know if it's all true—really true."

"Very well," I returned. "Let's sit down over there by that window where

we won't be so likely to be interrupted."

"You're a stranger," I asked, when we had found chairs opposite each other. He seemed the least bit afraid of me now, and I wished to put him at ease by getting him to speak of himself.

"Yes," he answered. "I just got here this morning. I'm on my way to California. This afternoon—

I must have glanced suspiciously from his face to his apparel, for he stopped abruptly, the crimson returning to his face.

"I suppose you think I'm a tramp," he went on, "but I'm not. I come of a respectable family in the South, though I don't look it, do I?"

In truth, he did not. And again, unconsciously, I let my glance fall on his unblacked shoes with the laces broken, his shabby trowsers, coat, and vest, his worn tie running down over a shirt bosom that had once been white, and the soiled derby hat which he held in his hand.

"I don't know why I stopped off here," he continued, taking my silence to mean that I agreed with him. "But I think I've been paid for it already in what you said to those children about God. I've never understood what God is till now."

Then he told me a good deal concerning himself—much more than I have space to set down here.

He was a minister's son. His home was somewhere in Georgia. Two years before this—when he was fifteen—he had left home. He had been knocking about the country, picking up here and there things that would have greatly shocked his parents had they known it. There was no one else in the family to shock—he was the only child. His trip out West had really no objective point, although he had told me he was going to California. All he intended was merely to keep on the move.

At Salt Lake he had left the train, curiosity leading him to the Tabernacle grounds. There he had heard me asking questions of a group of Religion Class children standing near the Temple. The stranger had been impressed with the answer of the children's that God is in the form of man and that he had revealed Himself to the Prophet Joseph Smith in our age.

"You know, I never understood it that way before," my friend remarked. "I have always been taught that God is in no form at all, and so He lost all meaning to me."

We talked for two hours, in which I explained to him our belief in God and a future life.

"And where are you going now?" I inquired as we parted at the door.

"Oh, I don't know!" he said. "I guess it doesn't matter much. Nobody has any interest in me."

He said this in a disconsolate voice, I thought, and I wondered if my conversation with him had served to bring on this mood.

"Somebody is interested in you!" I answered. "God is, and I am. You

don't look like a young man that's going to fail in the world. You go to the Coast, where you told me you were going, and make good. And if you ever pass through Salt Lake again, call here so that I may know that you are making good."

I gave him my card with the "Articles of Faith" on the back, we shook hands, and parted.

Three months passed and this incident passed completely from my mind, when one day I received a letter in an unfamiliar hand. It was from my friend. It thanked me for my confidence in his ability to make good, and assured me that he was endeavoring to live up to my confidence. It was signed "Your Tramp."

Six months after this there came a ring at my door. I went to see who was there. It was my friend The Tramp. But he was a tramp no longer. He was dressed in a fine tailor-made suit of clothes; his shirt front, collar, and cuffs were spotlessly white. I hardly knew him.

"I went to the Bureau of Information," he said. "You weren't there, but they gave me your address, and so I thought I'd call and let you see that I'm making good."

I thanked him, invited him in, and gave him some of our "Mormon" literature.

"I'm on my way home now," he explained, when he left. "And I'm going to be good."

That was more than a year ago. The other day again I received a card with just the words on—

"The tramp that's still making good!"

Mothers

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—Mary F. Butts.

Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By *Nephi Anderson*.

XX.

"Julia, what have you done with Chester Lawrence?" asked Rose one day, a week after the parting.

"I haven't done anything with him."

"Is it all off between you two?"

"He has been my friend; he is still that, I hope."

"But where is he? He hasn't been around for a week."

"I don't know where he is."

"Say, Julia, if you didn't want him why didn't you turn him over to me," asked Rose mischievously.

"You may have him."

"Thanks; when is he coming again?"

"He said he never would call here again."

"My! that's a long time for me to wait; but you have quarrelled. When he does come, then *you* look out."

But the weeks passed without Chester's appearing. Julia learned that he had quit his work. No one knew where he had gone. The Bishop enquired of her, but she could tell him nothing. He had left no word with anyone that could be found.

The latter part of August Julia received a letter from her father saying that as his health was not good, he would very likely be released soon. He had written to his renters at Piney Ridge that he would be home and able to take care of the place himself next year; but he wanted Julia to continue her school. If she could get out to Piney Ridge and look after things a bit before he came home, it might be well.

Would she? Julia jumped at the proposition. She was sorry for her father's illness, but glad for the prospect of getting home again. Would Rose or Marcie go with her? but they could not arrange their affairs to get off.

Julia wrote to the people at home telling them she was coming. Then a few days later she boarded the train for Croft, where she arrived early one morning in late August.

Julia went to the little hotel to enquire when the stage would be leaving. Mails had become daily now, and the carrier picked up some additional business by carrying express and passengers. He would start within an hour for his route across the Flat. Things surely did appear squalid and disorderly around the station, thought Julia, as she looked at the board shacks fringed with discarded tin cans.

At the appointed time the stage drew up to the post office and took on the one mail bag. Two passengers—a man and a woman—were already seated. Julia did not know the driver, but she made her wants known.

"All right, Miss, if ye kin sit with the driver, there's room; but I don't go by way of Piney Ridge today. That's tomorrow's route."

"How near do you go?"

"Why, I turn off at the corner just where the road crosses Dry Holler—bout two miles, I reckon."

"That's near enough, for I can walk the rest of the way; but my satchel is heavy."

"I kin bring that tomorrow, if ye say."

So she left her baggage at the hotel and climbed up by the driver. The mules trotted out, and away they rattled. The driver was a talkative fellow, so he soon had Julia's name and identity.

"So you're old man Elston's darter, be ye. Why, yes, I have hearn tell of him. He's away on a preachin' mission, I understand."

"Yes;" replied Julia; "but he's coming home soon. * * * There's been some changes since I left."

"Well, I should think. The whole Flat is taken up, and much of it is fenced. The road in many places has been changed so that we have to make long drives 'round the corners. I think it's a darned shame, this fencin' up the road. But it's the public be darned with these land speculators—I beg your pardon, sir," said he turning to the passenger on the rear seat, "if you're one o' them."

The stranger denied being a speculator. He agreed with the driver that this continual changing of roads was a nuisance. He thought the government should take over this question of roads, and lay them out in such a way that they would be the most convenient for the public, regardless of what one or two land owners might have to say. "As it is," said he, "the public is required to go around the longest corners and to climb over the rockiest hills to avoid trespassing on private property."

While the two men discussed this and various other questions, Julia listened and looked. Everywhere there were wire fences, and much of the land was broken and cleared, ready for the fall planting. Up near the hills they saw a party surveying for the projected canal. There was much more life on the Flat. But the sun was hot and the road was dusty—more so than usual, Julia thought.

Julia got off at the turn of the road and started up a well known path towards Piney Ridge. Yes, there was the half-dried creek bed, and the dug-way on the other side, which, when she climbed, brought her in full view of her home. The twelve pines soared heaven-ward as of old. The cedars and brush banked the hills with green. The white house, cool and clean, shone out from the midst of the oasis.

Julia was worn, so she took her time. The sage-brush was covered with a summer's accumulation of dust, but there was the wild odor anyway. The grass was yellow. The lizard trailed among the sand and the rab-

bits sprang across the path. Would her pony be at home? Tomorrow she would ride. Would the cows know her? Julia laughed aloud at herself, but oh, how good to get out to the old home again, where every green brush or dried fence post suggested some dear memory!"

She had been expected, so her upper room had been made ready. Julia with quick glances saw that the renters had kept very well within their agreement. The garden was still growing, although somewhat wild. The vines had extended their protection to the gables, the house itself had been well kept. Julia threw open the door to her room and stepped out on the railed platform. There was the valley, and the distant mountains, and the sun in the western sky. Very little had changed that she could see from her distant viewpoint.

She ran out to the pasture and patted the cows. Yes; her pony was still there. Then she visited the spring and drank from its cool, bubbling water. She remained outside until dark and then went in and had bread and milk with Mr. and Mrs. Ross. She plied them with questions regarding the old neighbors and the new, about the school at Piney Ridge and at Thompson, and they were pleased to tell her all they knew.

"And Glen Curtis," she asked, where is he?"

"Oh, he's gone on a mission to the Netherlands."

"When was that?"

"He left about a week ago. His farewell party was held a week ago Friday. There was a big crowd out, and he got nearly enough to take him to his field of labor."

"I'm glad to hear it.—I think I'll go up to my room now—I am tired out."

But she did not soon go to bed. The stars were out in the clear sky. Julia drew a chair outside the door and sat looking up and out into the gray darkness. How still everything was! What

a change from the noisy city! What a rest to weary heart, and tired brain! Would she be able to sleep without the noise of street cars rattling by?

But she slept well, and was up early for a walk on the hills and to the groves. The trees were growing well, though the grass was nearly gone. Her mother's headstone needed cleaning. She would attend to that soon. Old Thunder was rough and element-scarred, but he had a warm heart for soul-sick people.

The next letter Julia received from her father was forwarded from Salt Lake City. It told of his release. He would be home in a month. A month now seemed a long time to wait. He would surely call at Salt Lake first where she could meet him; but there was no hurry to leave. School did not begin for two weeks, and she might as well enjoy herself in the open until then. On her pony she rode to the neighbors, visited with them and proved to them that a year in the city had not spoiled her for her country friends. Her light heart and laughter came back. The boys hovered around, and there was a party or two at which Julia was the honored quest.

"Well, Julia, when are you coming back to teach our school?" asked Brother Sanders when she was visiting with them.

"I don't know; not for a long time. I have just found out how little I know, and I'll have to go to school a good many years myself first."

"Yes; that's the way with the young folks nowadays. When they git a taste o' edication, they're in fur the hull thing. Well, I reckon I don't blame ye, if ye can get it."

"How did your school get along last year?" she asked.

"Oh, fair considerin'. The teacher wasn't overly strong on government, but we got through. We haven't got a teacher yet for next year. You'd better come, Julia."

"Why, Brother Sanders, I would teach the children how to read with-

out first drilling on the alphabet, and I would likely make some more mud pies."

"Now, look here—tain't no fair makin' fun like that. I'm an ignorant man—don't know much about book learnin—but that little girl of mine that you started to read can beat the older ones already. The superintendent explained it all to me afterwards." But Julia would not promise to teach their school, even though Brother Sanders held out the inducements of a raise in salary and a greatly improved school house, with permission to make mud pies.

One day, about a week after her arrival, Julia was returning from a visit to Rock Creek. She galloped slowly along the lower road towards Piney Ridge, walked her pony around the point of the mountain and then down the side hill into the dry ravine, from which she would climb the dugway. Suddenly on the still afternoon air, coming up the road from below, she heard strange noises. She reined in her horse to listen. They sounded like a rattling wagon and running horses with screams and cries piercing the air. A cloud of dust came into sight down the road, and presently she could discern a team galloping towards her at breakneck speed, the wagon plunging after. She pulled her horse out of the road and watched. The driver—whom Julia saw was the mail carrier—had lost the lines which were flying about the horses. He was clinging to the front endgate, shouting in crazy, drunken commands to the frightened team. Crouching in the wagon, and grasping the bouncing sides was a woman. Her hair, thin and gray, had come down and was flying about. The pallor of death was in her face. Julia gave an involuntary scream as the runaway horses dashed past, following the road up the dugway!

What could she do? The mail driver and his passenger would surely be killed! Julia imagined the woman

looked with mute pleading eyes at her as she was rushed past to apparent death. There they were on the dug-way! If the horses would only keep the road they might slow down before they reached the top so that they could be caught. Julia urged her horse after the flying team. The wagon, striking stumps and rocks would bound into the air, then sway from side to side. The driver still shouted, "Whoa, whoa;" but the woman's screams had ceased.

Up, up the horses plunged with very little decreasing speed. Julia was now close behind. Should she try to reach the horses to check them? If she interfered they might swerve either up the side hill or down the bank. Either way would be disastrous.

Then a terrible thing happened. The reach of the wagon broke. The hind wheels became detached and let the rear of the wagon-box down to the ground with a bang throwing the clinging woman into the road, where she lay motionless. The running horses and the shouting teamster clinging to the wagon-box disappeared over the hill. On top they became entangled in a fence, and were eventually stopped.

Julia hurriedly dismounted and bent over the woman, lifting her head into her arm. She felt the pulse beating faintly, so she was assured the woman was not dead. Julia brushed back the hair from the death-like face. "Are you hurt? Can you speak? Can you hear me?" said the girl, but there was no reply. The injured woman lay limp and still wherever she was placed.

What could be done? Could Julia carry her to the house? She might die out there in the road before help could come! Then she heard the mail driver coming back. He limped painfully, and was covered with the dust.

"Is she dead?" he asked hoarsely.

"No; I think not. If we could only get her to our house. It isn't far. You will have to help me."

He was sober enough now. Staring

into eternity for ten minutes will sober any man. He knelt down and listened for the heart beat. "No; she isn't dead, thank God," he said.

He found a piece of canvas in the road and on this they laid the woman. Then half carrying and half dragging they advanced up the hill. Now and then the woman moaned, at which they would stop to rest. At the top of the hill the man lifted her bodily and carried her in his arms. "She is not heavy. Lead the way," he said.

The woman was placed on a bed and Sister Ross and Julia unloosed her clothing. They found no bruises. They bathed her face with cool water in hopes of reviving her, but she lay unconscious, a faint moan now and then escaping her lips.

"Where is the nearest doctor?" asked the mail carrier. At Croft. But perhaps he ought to go to one of the neighbors for help first. Mrs. Sims, around the point of the mountain, was a good woman in sickness. Mr. Ross, who had come in from the yard, hurriedly hitched a horse to a buggy, and the mail driver was off.

Meanwhile, the young and inexperienced women did what they thought best. They took the woman's clothes off, sponged away the mud and dust and then waited. When Mrs. Sims arrived, she could not do much more. She said the woman was injured inwardly, very likely. She tried to revive her, but without avail.

The mail carrier hitched up his runaway horses to another wagon and was off to Croft. It would be next morning very likely before a doctor could be had; but that was the best they could do.

Mr. Ross went back on the road and picked up the woman's satchel and hand bag which he brought to the house. They examined hurriedly the contents, but they found no clew as to the woman's name. The driver had said she was going to Piney Ridge Cottage, but she had said no more. She had been very quiet, he said, neglecting to tell that he himself had en-

livened the way by much talk and drinking.

The night came on. Mrs. Sims went home, as she could do no more. "We'll watch her carefully, and do all we can for her," said Julia. The lamp was lighted and shaded, shining dimly on the thin, pale face, resting on the pillow. Who was this woman and what could she want at Piney Ridge Cottage? they asked each other.

"The driver was drunk, and didn't hear her directions aright," suggested Mrs. Ross.

"No;" said her husband, "he wouldn't be drunk when he started, and then is when she would tell him her destination."

"Well, poor soul," said Julia, "if this is where she wished to come, here she is."

With cooling water, Julia bathed the face, pressing the moisture gently to

the parched lips. What a dear sweet face she had, though there were deep lines of care marked on it. Yes, the heart was still beating, stronger it seemed.

The evening passed. Julia told her friends to go to bed and rest. She would sit up. There was no need of more than one losing sleep. She would call them if there was any change for the worse, and at any rate, early in the morning.

The night passed slowly for the watcher. With open window the howling coyotes could plainly be heard. These had never disturbed her, but that night their yelping was dismal. Then Julia tried to read, but that was a failure. Most of the time she sat by the bed touching gently with coolness the face and hands of the injured woman and wondering how it would turn out for her.



"Are you Julia Elston?" she asked.

Some time after midnight the woman turned towards the light and opened her eyes. Julia saw it, and went hastily to the bed.

"Who—who are you?" asked the woman feebly. "Where am I?"

"You are in the house of friends," said Julia. "Lie still. Will you have a drink?"

Julia fed her cool water, with a spoon. "There, do you feel better? You had a bad fall, but you are better now."

"Yes;" she said, "better." The small hand pushed back her hair from her forehead as if she wished to clear her brain. The open eyes followed Julia, even when she left the bed side. The patient wanted to raise her head, so Julia gently pushed the pillow up. "Who are you?" she again asked. "I know you—you are just like Agnes—you are Agnes."

"No; my name is Julia," said the girl. "It isn't Agnes—but you hadn't better talk. Just lie still and rest. When you are stronger, you may tell me all about it."

She closed her eyes again, her hands holding Julia's in a firm grasp. For fifteen or twenty minutes they remained thus, then the woman opened her eyes again. She looked at Julia and smiled faintly.

"Are you Julia Elston?" she asked. "Yes;" said the surprised girl.

"And you are Chester's girl. Do you know where Chester is? I came to find him."

Julia in her astonishment arose and stood as in a spell. "Are you Chester's mother?" she asked.

"Yes; I want to find him—he hasn't written since he last left us. He said he was going to Europe, but I thought he came here to you—" she dropped off again. Julia knelt by the bed, felt the hands, and stroked the face. This was Chester's mother, her mother's old-time friend, her father's one-time wife! * * * She was sleeping now, and Julia still kneeled by the bedside and prayed both silently and vocally that the Lord would spare her life "for a purpose, oh, Lord, Thou hast brought her here. Now spare her life, that we may win her back by our love. O, Father, let her not die in darkness, unrepentant. I, Agnes Winston's daughter, want to do something for this woman that my dear mother was not permitted to do. O, Father, let me—help me, I pray Thee in the name of Jesus. Amen."

In the gray morning Mrs. Ross found them both asleep, Julia with her head on the sick woman's pillow, and their hands clasped in each others.

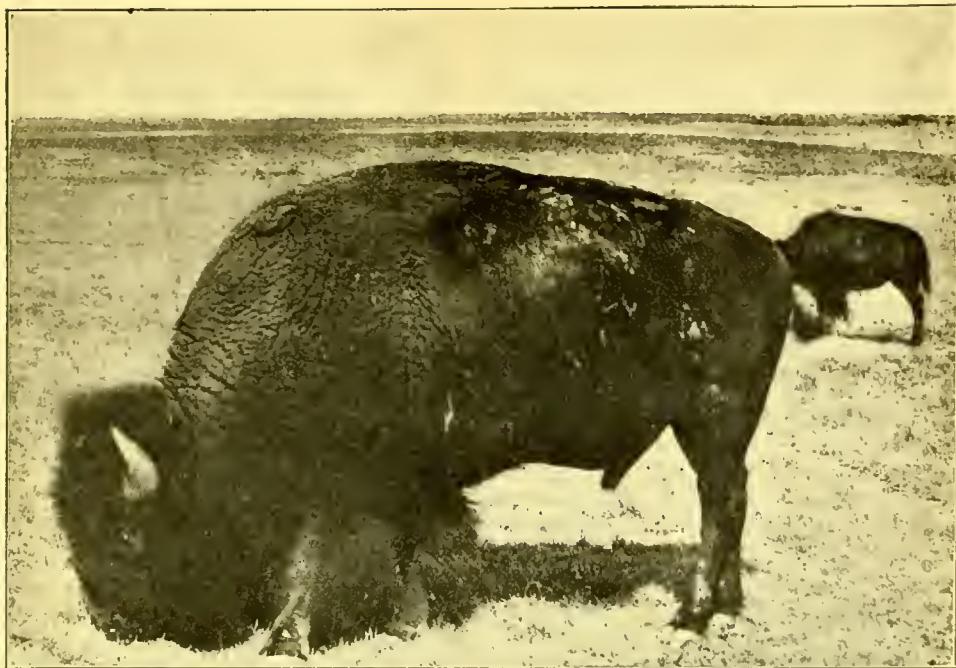
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forgiveness!

My heart was heavy, for its trust
had been
Abused, its kindness answered with
foul wrong;
So turning gloomily from my fel-
low-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled
among
The green mounds of the village
burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human
love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon
or late,

Wronged and wrong-doer, each
with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still
heart,
Pass the green threshold of our
common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence
none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying for
my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty
wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trem-
bling, I forgave.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



The American Buffalo.

(*Bison Bison.*)

By Claude T. Barnes.

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.

One of the saddest tales of natural history is the story of the almost complete extermination of the American Buffalo. We have read of the doom of the auk, and, within recent days, observed the annihilation of the wild pigeon, without, in either case, any particular manifestation of feeling; but in the destruction of the Buffalo, we have lost one of the chief factors in early Western romance and trial, a noble animal whose memory is dear to the children of pioneers.

All are familiar with the general characteristics of the Buffalo*—its high bump or shoulder due to a prolongation of the spines of the verte-

brae; its long wooly hair, short tail and curved cylindrical horns. An average bull stood 5 feet 8 inches high and was 10 feet 2 inches long; but a large cow was a foot lower. The hair on a bull's shoulders was about 6½ inches long, that on his forehead 1 foot 4 inches while his chin beard was 1 foot 6 inches in length. Divested of all its hair the Buffalo bull's head was, however, really no larger than that of the domestic cow.† An average bull weighed 1800 pounds, and a cow, 750 pounds, though a bull of 2190 pounds and a cow of 1200 pounds have been recorded.

In general the bulls were dark brown in color excepting in spring—

*Native names: Cree: "Mush-kive-tay-pej-ee-kee" (prairie horned beasts). Chipewyan: "Ed-jer-ay." Yankton Sioux: "Tah-tank-ka," "Coh-wah-pee." Ogallala Sioux: "Tah-tank-kah" (bull), "Ptay" (cow).

†Largest horn recorded: length 22 inches; girth 16¾ inches; spread 35 inches—owned by August Gottschalk, Bozeman, Mont.

time, when they bleached into a dull brownish yellow. The cows were always darker. At birth the calves were dull reddish yellow; at six months they resembled the mother, and at two years they became everywhere a rich dull brown, which gradually paled with age.

In a large buffalo herd, freaks were frequently found: a "beaver robed" buffalo had a rich brown, hair-like fur: a "black robed" animal was seen usually only in the mountains; "buckskin" robes and "blue" robes were frequently encountered; but an animal with a white pied robe was the rarest of all, and the one most cherished by the Indians as a great medicine. The Wood Buffalo (*B. B. Athabascae*) from the North, was the largest; the dark mountain buffalo from the Rockies, the smallest; while the Plains' Buffalo was of medium size.

Far back in 1521, Cortez saw some penned buffaloes in Mexico, writing later of them as follows: " * * * * The greatest rarity was the Mexican Bull, a wonderful composition of divers Animals. It has crooked Shoulders, with a Bunch on its Back like a Camel, its Flanks dry, its Tail large, and its Neck covered with Hair like a Lion. It is cloven-footed, its Head armed like that of a Bull, which it resembles in Fierceness with no less Strength and Agility." Alva Minez Cabeza de Vaca was, however, probably the first white man to see the buffalo in its wild state, in Texas in 1530. Sir Samuel Argall, in 1612, killed two within ten miles of the present capitol grounds, Washington, D. C.

Buffaloes were always scarce in the wooded parts of America: to a degree they followed the deciduous forests but always avoided the coniferous woods. Their true home was the Upper Mississippi Valley, where they one time roamed in millions.

Careful calculations, made from numerous observations, place the number of buffaloes, which over a century ago covered the prairies and plains at 75,000,000! In 1889 exactly 256 in-

dividuals were alive, all of them in captivity. In 1800, though they numbered 40,000,000, none were to be found East of the Mississippi. In 1836 the Indians, who had begun to use powder and shell almost exclusively, slaughtered buffaloes at the rate of 2,000,000 a year; and in 1850 the Indians of the Missouri River alone were destroying them at the rate of 3,500,000 a year! It is little wonder that the animals, with a normal increase of only 20 per cent, could not long survive.

The great buffalo herds—the ones "which moved in one immense column, oftentimes from 20 to 50 miles in width and of unknown depth from front to rear"—did migrate a distance of from 200 to 400 miles every Spring and Fall, though their travel was perplexingly irregular. Col. Dodge saw a herd of 4,000,000 going North along the Arkansas in May, 1871, and other observers noted similar movements at different times.

Various things constantly depleted the numbers of the great herds. Every great blizzard for instance left thousands of buffaloes dead in the hollows; and in fact the terrific storm of 1872 in the Dakotas probably destroyed millions of the poor bewildered creatures.

Every herd was followed by wolves, which picked off some of the young and most of the weak and wounded; but more terrible to the buffaloes were the appalling prairie fires, which not only burned the grass they ate but tortured the animals themselves. A. Henry says in his journal:

"November 25, 1804. Plains burned in every direction and blind buffaloes seen every moment wandering about. The poor beasts have all the hair singed off, even the skin in many places is shrivelled up and terribly burned, and their eyes are swollen and closed fast. It was really pitiful to see them staggering about sometimes running afoul of a large stone, and other times tumbling down hill and falling into creeks, not yet frozen

over. In one spot we found a whole herd lying dead."

Blind buffaloes were frequently seen wandering alone as well as with herds; and so acute were their senses of hearing and smell that on calm days they were invariably the first to warn the herd of approaching danger.

Buffaloes insisted on a general course straight ahead; hence frequently thousands of a herd's leaders were forced into river bogs. Thus in 1867, 2,000 of a herd of 4,000 lost their lives in the quicksands of the Platte River, which they were attempting to cross.

Armed only with bows and arrows, the Indian could not depend on buffalo for meat; at rare intervals the snow deepened so that they could pursue a herd by using snowshoes and, at times, a whole tribe would gather and form a great "V" composed of yelling warriors through which a herd was chased to a cliff; but not until the rifle appeared, did the Indians work havoc with the wary monarchs of the plains.

None of the natural enemies of the buffalo demanded, however, such a sacrifice of lives as did the rivers. Being accustomed all winter long to cross and recross the great frozen waterways safely on the ice, the unthinking herds would sooner or later encounter weak spring ice and sink by thousands to their doom. The multitude behind would push those in front as was their custom when traveling, and thus frequently half of the herd would be lost before all appreciated that something was wrong ahead. In 1801, A. Henry saw for over a week a continuous stream of dead buffaloes floating down the Red River.

The large herds—the millions—came together only during the migrations; and even though the prairie for fifty miles each way was black with them, it was always an old cow which led the way for the vast concourse behind her.

The Buffalo cow always had her calf

in a lonely hollow away from the herd. She could protect it from one or two wolves but, if more worried her, she hollowed so loudly that half a dozen bulls would come from the herd, form a circle about the little one and by easy relays gradually coax it into the great band.

James K. Darnell said that whenever he lassoed a calf, the mother appeared somewhat cowed, and always stood at a distance unless the little one bellowed in distress. As soon as she saw that it was released she would scamper away without even looking behind. If a calf's leg were broken with a shot the cow usually supported the little body with her horns while it ran on its uninjured legs.

In the herd on Antelope Island, Great Salt Lake, a "boss" bull reigns for about three years, when the young bulls combine either to kill or to thrust him to loneliness. These old bulls, in early days, lived to be 25 to 30 years of age, and in times of hunger, when the wolves were forced to eat their tough old meat, the aged monarchs fought until their eyes were eaten out, their ears chewed off, before they would succumb.

The last of the big Southern herd of buffaloes were killed in Texas in 1886, and the northern herd, which numbered 1,500,000 in 1870 was exterminated in 1884. In 1895 only 800 buffaloes were alive, all in captivity. Since that time the total in private hands has grown as follows: 1900—1,024; 1902—1,394; 1903—1,753; 1905—1,697; 1908—2,047; 1910—2,108. What changes captivity will make in their disposition remains to be seen. "Cattloes" or crosses between buffaloes and cattle, are being raised with fair success; and the private herds seem to have a bright future, notably the one owned by Buffalo Jones and that on Antelope Island. But the buffalo had to go; where once millions roamed, the monarchs of the prairie, happy homes and settlement are now interspersed.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY, 1912

Kindness to Animals.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." So wrote the man of wisdom nearly three thousand years ago. Since that time how many unrighteous men have caused untold suffering among the poor dumb animals! The dominion the Lord gave man over the brute creation has been, to a very large extent, used selfishly, thoughtlessly, cruelly. This is true even in the use and treatment of faithful beasts of burden, willing to serve their master as long as life remained. Besides the brutality thus manifested toward domestic animals, there has

been manifest in the human family the torturing instinct, to satiate which innocent, helpless creatures by untold millions, have been wantonly put to death. Even in this so-called enlightened age, this murderous spirit is still rampant. Only last summer, I am told, a member of a party visiting in the country came from the field one evening boasting that he had killed a porcupine with a club. One of the party, who believed that it is sinful needlessly to take the life of any creature, asked if he was sure the animal was dead. "Oh yes," was the reply, "I finished him." The questioner, however, had his doubts. The thought that the poor creature might still be suffering, and might continue to suffer for several days, so worked on his humane nature that he determined to ascertain for himself the true condition of the porcupine. Having inquired as to where the poor beast was, he made some excuse or other for riding out from camp, and went directly to the place. His conjectures were right. The animal had not been killed, but in a most brutal manner had been beaten into insensibility. His head was a mass of blood and bruises, and both eyes were gouged from their sockets. Though the poor animal was breathing with great effort, still there was a possibility of its lingering in this pitiful condition for a long time. However, as there could be no hope for it to recover, and even if it did, it would be totally blind, the young man concluded that it would be an act of mercy to end the animal's sufferings in instant death. Upon his return to the camp he told what he had done, and expressed in a kind but emphatic way his abhorrence at killing an innocent

harmless animal. The young man who had yielded to the torturing instinct took the lesson to heart, and vowed then and there that never again would he be guilty of such a barbarous act.

Kindness to the whole animal creation and especially to all domestic animals, is not only a virtue that should be developed, but is the absolute duty of mankind. Children should be taught that Nature in all her forms is our Heavenly Father's great book of life.

Furthermore, he who treats in a brutal manner a poor, dumb animal at that moment disqualifies himself for the companionship of the Holy Spirit; for the Lord will not sanction an unrighteous act, and it is an unrighteous thing to treat any creature cruelly. If the treatment be given in anger the result is the same, for anger itself is displeasing to the Lord, and the ill-treatment of the animal under such conditions, gives him double displeasure.

The Prophet Joseph Smith gives a beautiful lesson on kindness to animals as follows: We quote from his diary of May 26, 1834: "We crossed the Embarras river and encamped on a small branch of the same about one mile west. In pitching my tent we found three massasaugas or prairie rattlesnakes, which the brethren were about to kill, but I said, 'Let them alone—don't hurt them! How will the serpent ever lose its venom, while the servants of God possess the same disposition, and continue to make war upon it? Men must become harmless, before the brute creation; and when men lose their vicious dispositions and cease to destroy the animal race, the lion and the lamb can dwell together, and the sucking child can play with the serpent in safety!' The brethren took the serpents carefully on sticks and carried them across the creek. I exhorted the brethren not to kill a serpent, bird, or an animal of any kind during our journey unless it became necessary to preserve ourselves from hunger."

Such is the humane teaching of the

Latter-day Prophet, and such should be the instruction given throughout the Church.

This is the month in which a Sunday is set apart for the special purpose of teaching the necessity of kindness to animals. This instruction should not be confined to the children, but given to men and women as well; for—

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
He liveth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

In the Yellowstone Park, where the use of guns and other deadly weapons is prohibited by law, and the law is carefully guarded by faithful soldiers whose duty it is to enforce it, the animals and birds are becoming as tame and fearless of human beings, their deadliest foes, as domestic animals and barn-yard fowls. The pretty mother deer, with her little ones, have almost lost their fear of man. The birds do not fly away with fright at the approach of men; even the brown, cinnamon and grizzly bears are friendly, some of them so tame as to take their food from the hands of men,—all because, for a few years, they have not been hunted, shot at and slaughtered by the lords of creation.

Thus it may be seen, in harmony with the sentiments expressed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, that if man did right, were humane and merciful toward animals, they would, in time, lose their fear and dread of him, and would also lose many, if not all, of their own bad traits. Animals are not cruel and vicious just for the fun of it, as is too often the case with man, but generally they are prone to destroy life only to appease their own hunger. It will be a blessed day when mankind shall accept and abide by the Christ-like sentiment expressed by one of the poets in the following words:

"Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

[For instructions concerning the new method of presenting the Concert Recitations see Juvenile Instructor for January, 1912, pp. 22, 23].

SACRAMENT GEM FOR MARCH, 1912.

(Deseret Sunday School Songs, No. 281).

Help us, O God, to realize
The great atoning sacrifice,
The gift of Thy beloved Son,
The Prince of Life, the Holy One.

CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR MARCH, 1912.

SUBJECT FOR THE MONTH: AUTHORITY IN THE MINISTRY.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Article 5.—We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Hebrews 5:4.—And no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Extract from Doctrine and Covenants, Section 13.—Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins.

To Superintendents.

Superintendencies are respectfully asked to give particular attention to the following article, and also to seek the co-operation of officers and teachers in creating a sentiment in each ward against introducing into our wards any kind of vulgarity, especially in the form of dances that have a tendency to appeal only to sensual and degrading instincts. In a word, all Sunday School workers are urged to do all they can to put our amusements on the sure and safe plane of modesty and virtue. The Lord says, "Come out of Babylon my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Having done this, let us not, with open arms, welcome into our midst things that lead to the very sins and plagues from which we have been warned to flee.

Whither are We Drifting?

From the early days of the Church to the present time, a favored form of amusement and entertainment among the Saints has been dancing. Even in the midst of their worst persecution and drivings, we are told that the homeless Saints sought recreation in the dance. One of the pioneers narrating the privations of those early times when the Saints were scattered from Garden Grove to Council Bluffs, writes as follows: "Notwithstanding our untoward circumstances, we were cheerful and happy. We ate our water gruel when we had nothing better, which was much of the time. I had a fiddle with me in the use of which I was sufficiently proficient to grind out music for evening dances. This enabled us to diversify our lives with the merry dance around our camp fires, when the weather would permit." Many of us are still enjoying the loving companionship of parents who were among those who sang hymns and joined hands in quadrille around the camp fire on the plains. The hymns were expressions of thanks-

giving and praise; and the dance, a change and recreation, was prompted by motives as pure and ennobling as those which prompted the singing of hymns.

Parties given in the early days of Utah were accompanied by the same religious spirit and pure moral tone. One pioneer recently said to me that he heard President Brigham Young give instructions on dancing substantially as follows: Though dancing is no part of our religious creed, our Heavenly Father is not displeased with it providing it is properly conducted. Those who attend a dance should be as particular in thoughts of purity and true sociability as they would be in attending a religious meeting. The Lord's approval and blessing should be invoked on every gathering of the Latter-day Saints, and especially so at a dancing party. "See to it that all your dances are opened and dismissed by prayer." Speaking directly to those who hold the Melchizedek priesthood he is reported to have said, "If sickness required the presence of an Elder to attend to the ordinance of administration, he should go from the dance hall as well prepared to officiate in the office of his calling, as he would from a sacrament meeting." "I was forcibly impressed with these remarks of President Young," said my informant, "because with other young men in their teens, I had just been ordained an Elder in the Endowment House."

Such was the spirit of the dance fifty years ago, when our fathers and mothers joined hands in the "Virginia Reel," "The French Four" and the "Plain Quadrille," and developed a grace and dignity on the ball room floor and a skill in "fancy steps," which, when compared with the vulgar movements seen in public dance halls today makes one think of dancing almost as a lost art.

In a public hall in this city a few nights ago, young men and young women were taken from the floor for taking positions relative to each other, and performing such vulgar move-

ments as to offend even the dullest sense of respectability! On the walls, hung at different places in the room, was this sign: "Introductions not necessary!" And that too in the face of the deplorable fact that a denizen of the underworld simply by paying the price of admission was admitted as readily as the most virtuous of women! To be sure, this is a public dance, and respectable men and women ought not to patronize it, but the fact remains that not a few of our boys and girls attend every one given, and every night seeing if not actually participating in dances that several states in the name of virtue have already forbidden—dances that had their origin in dens of vice, and whose every movement suggests base sensuality. There is in them no dignity, no refinement, no grace—only an appeal to the passions, and the basest in human nature—nothing uplifting, everything debasing. Even the rhythical movements of the body, keeping time with music as debasing as the dance, tend only to intensify the dangers of this most demoralizing prostitution of a pastime which only fifty years ago and less, was truly recreative and refining in its nature! Whither are we drifting?

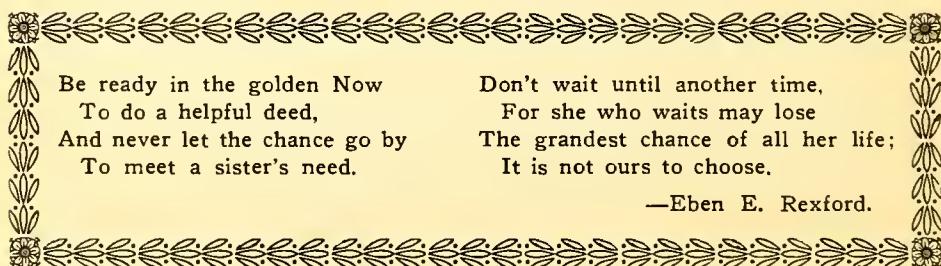
It is not an uncommon occurrence today to announce ward dances without a word of prayer, and it is still more common to dismiss without a benediction. Have we listened so long to the song of the siren of pleasure that she has lulled us into a state of consciousness that we now feel it unnecessary to ask God's blessing upon the amusements of our young people?

Are we really conforming so much to the spirit of the world that we think it "old fashioned" to pray in the ball room? Among the most potent factors in character building today are the amusements of our young. If these become of such a nature that it seems incongruous to invoke God's blessing upon them, be assured that our amusements are being shifted from the plane of morality and virtue to the devil's playground.

Another deplorable fact in connection with our dance parties is that they are too often given for the purpose of making money. This is the sole object, and it becomes so paramount that other and nobler aims are obscured or totally lost sight of.

These and kindred evils associated with our dance halls have become so apparent even to the least observant among us, that there is a strong sentiment growing to insist upon invitations being issued for all dance parties, and to prohibit the public dance entirely. One man said to me recently that he considered the public dance hall more degrading even than the saloon! It is time something was done. We have drifted already too far. Let the leaders in our quorums and organizations grasp the oars and pull back to the place where our fathers and mothers found such pure pleasure and virtuous content—where their consciences approved of the prayer they offered, and where the positions in the dance suggested only the protection of womanly virtue and the refinement of noble manhood.

DAVID O. MCKAY.



Be ready in the golden Now
To do a helpful deed,
And never let the chance go by
To meet a sister's need.

Don't wait until another time,
For she who waits may lose
The grandest chance of all her life;
It is not ours to choose.

—Eben E. Rexford.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

To our Workers.

For the lessons during March we propose "Music in the Home" as another phase of our general subject,— "The Business of Home-Making." To help us open up this important and inspiring theme, we invited a number of our leading musicians to express themselves. Several of them have taken time to respond to our request. Feeling that their words will be full of inspiration and suggestion to our parents, we have used them as far as our space permits, to make our opening discussion. We appreciate their help.

In every ward will be found these and other musical workers, who, we are sure, will be willing to co-operate with the parents' classes in this important study. Give them the opportunity to assist you.

Only three lessons, as usual, are outlined for the month's work. This, as explained before, is to give room for a special lecture, preferably along the lines being studied, or to complete unfinished work that may arise during the regular lessons, or to deal with some subject of local and vital importance, which has been approved by the stake supervisor.

Music in the Home.

The influence of music may be good or ill: it all depends upon the music. Professor Anton Pederson makes this point very clear when he says: "Music is capable of the most sublime expression, and it is equally susceptible to intense vulgarity in utilization. In the one instance its influence is supremely exalting—in the other it is degrading. It is the art divine, and in greater or less degree the love of it is found rooted in the souls of all humanity. Yet it is altogether too often subjected to misuse and to abuse."

"It is rightfully asserted that a proper study of music constitutes a potent means to culture, and that love of the art has proved to be one of the greatest factors in the advancement of human civilization. But surely these credits must be accorded only when the art is considered in its elevating phases. When Martin Luther said that music was next to theology in uplifting influence, he certainly could have had no reference to any that was akin to our modern 'rag time.' Beethoven tells us that 'music is the medium between the spiritual and the realistic life.' Hoffman said, 'Love and music live in each other as head and heart.' Dr. Merz says that 'music is designed to express the inner longing of the soul; it says in tones what the mind fails to utter in words. It is a heart-language; it is a heavenly language; and he who banishes heaven from his heart fails also to fully comprehend the tone-language.' In my mind there is no doubt that the evangelist, the writer, the orator, would hardly assert that the music thus idealized by Luther, Beethoven, Hofman and Merz was of the sort commonly designated now-a-days as 'popular music.' It is this thought that impels me to conclude that not all music is heaven-inspired, and that any assertion to a contrary effect may be grievously misleading when accepted in thoughtlessness."

This important thought is also plainly put, and its application to music in the home made by Prof. Tracy Y. Cannon in these words:

"Music is the one universal language. It expresses emotions that cannot be conveyed to us by any other means. Music is capable of stirring us with sensuous, sorrowful, gay or spiritual feelings. No music should be permitted in the home which has a degrading influence. The gay, the sorrowful and spiritual music all have a place to fill in our lives. In every

home the taste should be cultivated for music of Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Schumann and the other recognized masters, for their works are full of uplifting thoughts and emotions. The lighter forms of music also have their place in the home, but they should not predominate. There is still too prevalent a taste for the froth and giddiness in music,—and as for 'rag time' it should be relegated to the kitchen stove to be purified by fire."

Another phase of this thought is emphasized by Professor Edward P. Kimball. Says he:

"Parents should exert care in the music education of their families at home; if not in a position to superintend it themselves, they should place the children under the tuition of someone whom they can trust, and who they feel will lead their charges to know and appreciate the best and purest in music. In the matter of what they should study and play, the same idea should be followed as in what they are given to read in the field of literature. I would not say that only the immortal masters are to be studied—they should be known as familiarly as are any of the great minds of art, literature, or history; but acquaintance with them comes only in the same way, viz., by leading the student from that which he can understand and know, all the time into and beyond greater things; the masters must be our ultimate hope, but we should use judgment in reaching them. Music is to be enjoyed and to give enjoyment, and the purest and noblest in the art will give the only durable pleasure in its study and employment."

More music of this uplifting kind in our homes is called for. "Every family," says Professor Pederson further, "should have its altar sacred to music, around which to gather for the purpose of receiving its uplifting and love-binding influence. Parents should see to it that this shrine constitute a healthful nursery, in which their student children may find such

rich nurture that they will bud and blossom into human expression of the highest in an art by means of which even the angels in heaven once celebrated the first great triumph of good over evil."

Professor Cannon thinks also that "Music should be daily heard in every home. At least one member of every family should study singing or some instrument with a competent teacher. If you teach your children to love good music and provide it for them in the home, you will not have to worry about devising means to keep them off the street corners at night."

"The day has passed," says Professor Charles Kent, "when music was an exclusive accomplishment. Today it is the public's own, produced by the people themselves and enjoyed in the intimate privacy of the home." The great masters of this divine art can be heard today by everyone. And they should be heard. The child should be privileged to grow up under the influence of Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, and other inspired musicians. "It is the duty of music teachers," continues Professor Kent, "to labor to the utmost for the upbuilding of the musical art in our homes."

Nor would he limit the home music to the study of the masters. "Encourage your children to sing soul-stirring hymns," he says further; "Sing praises unto God and the pleasure of your home will be increased. It is the mother's privilege, this effort for domestic art development. Think of the delight given to listeners, also those who drop in. How easily they are entertained. When a tender song, or a ringing chorus is in progress, so much more may be accomplished by the growth from within. Let each parent get a Sunday School Song book, turn to No. 295, 'Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.' Read the words over very carefully. Get the spirit of the song before even trying to sing it. Then you will understand what you are singing about."

From Professor J. J. McClellan we receive the following good suggestions:

"I believe music in the home is next in importance to prayer in the home. I believe firmly that the art divine brings down a sweet, all-pervading influence upon every member of the home, be he musical or otherwise, that no other art study can do, if it has in it the quality of good music. When I speak of music I mean healthy, well-written music,—songs, hymns, classical and healthy popular music, not trash and stuff, such as 'My Louis from Louisville,' 'Billie,' etc. Rag-time music is not so bad when not used to excess, and it makes cheerful amusement, when the best grade of rag-time and popular songs are given. The 'canned music' has many features to commend it to serious consideration. A high grade talking machine with the aid of a good record, is a good thing in any home. Children become acquainted with the music you give them in this way—be it good or bad—very intimately. I remember when I first put a beautiful cabinet in my home in which was an excellent talking machine, it was quite a novelty. We chose only good records (in many moods, however), and the children soon began to use the machine a great deal. One day a lady well versed in music, came into the home and on hearing a splendid record played asked my wife what it was. Wife was rather slow, possibly, in beginning her answer, but the little seven-year-old daughter hurriedly answered, 'It's Chopin's 'Nocturne in E flat.''"

Professor George Careless also has some good advice for us along this line:

"In the first place, I would say, that in my experience I have not been able to find one young lady in twenty who could play a hymn tune or accompany a simple song, although they play difficult piano music ranging from fifth to seventh grade pieces; now if they would study and play the tunes in the

Psalmody, and have the family come together and sing some of the soul inspiring hymns on Sunday evenings when they come home from meeting, I feel that it would be far more profitable and give much more real pleasure than to play 'ragtime' and sing trashy and silly songs, which only tend to counteract the good impression received while attending meeting and partaking of the sacrament."

Professor Careless continues by advising "our young musicians to study the standard and classic composers instead of wasting their time on ragtime and inferior music that people get tired of listening to after hearing a few times." He wishes, too, that "music could be better understood by our people, for it is a divine science, and capable of awakening the grandest aspirations and the deepest sentiments of love and devotion in the soul of man."

To reinforce this appeal for more good music in the home, we quote another paragraph from Professor Kimball:

"With reference to the unselfish enjoyment which the family derives from music in the home, little need be said because it is so universally admitted. Many a home is made happier and more devout and numerous families spend golden hours in each other's company because of the interest of some member or members in the study of music, when they would otherwise seek entertainment in less hallowed company. In fact a great amount of the emotion we experience on hearing music comes from the unconscious association of what we hear with what we have heard before; and in many instances, the memories of sweet associations in the home awakened within a person when hearing something which calls up similar emotions as were experienced long ago, have given him strength to win great battles in life."

A great deal has been said regarding the phonograph, the player piano, and other instruments as sources of

music for the home. This music has been jokingly termed "canned music." Professor Pederson tells a story of the Alaska Indian, who, on first hearing the phonograph said, "Ugh, canned man!" This he suggests may be the source of the term, "canned music."

All the musicians quoted have something to say about this kind of music. We give their opinions:

Professor Kimball says: "I am a champion of so-called 'canned music.' The talking machine and player piano are great factors in education and must sooner or later be recognized as such. The companies manufacturing records maintain a corps of splendid artists, and the greatest art-works of all time are reproduced faithfully to us, making it possible for millions of people to hear them rendered according to the best tradition, who would otherwise remain in ignorance of them. The reproductions are much more faithful than copies or photographs, even, of great paintings, or copies of works of sculpture. Our knowledge of painting and sculpture we have most of us gained from copies and imitations, and thousands are acquiring an acquaintance with the world's best operas, symphonies and other musical art-works from the so-called "canned music." No great work was ever understood on first hearing; with the aid of a record one may have the world's foremost artists render over and over again the great things in music until they become familiar, and this continual association will make them known and loved and will do a tremendous amount of service in rendering the great music understood by the masses."

Professor Pederson agrees with this, but offers a warning:

"'Canned music,' however, is not an unmixed evil. Renditions of master-pieces by great artists are of incalculable help to the student. By means of these reproductions, mechanical and comparatively cold as they must necessarily be, instructive lessons in phrasing, in style and in the most im-

portant matter of interpretation, may be had. In this respect too much cannot be said in favor of the mechanical reproducing devices; and especially are they of value where the student can not possibly have opportunity to hear the great artists in person.

"Aside from the prevalence of musical rubbish among these reproductions, whose influence, to say the least, is unexalting, there is the danger that the 'canned' substitute for the real may be permitted by indolence, to crowd out the personal development of the human exponent of the art at home. By all means let every child in some way have opportunity to be near the uplifting influence of good music. For this privilege the child grown into maturity will call the parent blessed, and humanity will gradually grow nearer to universal brotherhood and into closer relationship with divinity."

Professor Cannon likewise says:

"I am a believer in the so-called 'canned music.' The talking machine has come to stay. It is already so far perfected that we now can hear the greatest singers in the greatest operas at our own fireside. It is a great educator. It teaches us to appreciate the works of the masters and makes pleasant and profitable many hours that we might spend in idleness."

Professor Kent would have good music, no matter what the form. "We cannot have too much good music."

Professor Careless, however, is not converted. Says he, "As to 'canned music,' I really cannot call it music and therefore have no use for it."

When doctors disagree, perhaps the observations of a layman might be useful. We were staying at a certain home where there was a phonograph —of the kind that sings to the accompaniment of a scratchy slate pencil. Our host, after supper, brought out the 'wonder' to entertain us. His selection of records was a medley of cheap vaudeville 'stunts'—ragtime, noisy songs, full of lewd suggestions.

piano pounding, and various monologues, into which some clown had thrown plenty of vulgarity to get the laugh. For several hours the show kept up. Out of the generosity of his heart, our well-meaning host bored us dead—asleep in our chairs. We left finally with anything but a Christian feeling for the ‘funnygraph.’”

This feeling, however, was changed suddenly on another occasion to a profound respect for its possibilities, when other friends entertained us with a high class instrument and a choice selection of good records. For an hour or so we listened to Caruso, Melba, and other great artists, to Sousa’s band, to a male quartet of rare skill, in “The Old Oaken Bucket” and other favorites, and then for variety, some brilliant humorist regaled us with rich fun. We went home refreshed and delighted, resolved in our hearts that ‘canned music’ is all right, if it is all right!”

What is said of this kind of music is true of all kinds. Our homes might as well have good as poor music. We do not stop to consider what this “vaudeville stuff” means or we wouldn’t tolerate it in our homes. Too many lives have already been ruined by the evil suggestions of the catchy trash. Our homes should have something better to hear. And every home might have if parents will but see to it.

We commend the words of our musicians to all parents. We urge that an effort be made to fill our homes every day with beautiful music. A home without music is very likely to be a home without harmony.

Let us sing while we work, sing while we play, sing together,—father, mother, brothers, and sisters and friends—sing the gospel of good will into our own hearts, and the hearts of all who hear us.

Professor Kent reminds us how Brothers Willes and Goddard used to thrill us when they came around; “How we would all join in the chorus of ‘Who’s on the Lord’s side? Who?’

No one can estimate,” he says, “the good these brethren accomplished as they sowed seeds that can never be forgotten.”

It is our own private opinion that if we sang more and preached less, we should get to the kingdom of heaven more quickly.

This subject of music in the home opens a world of good things to talk about and act upon. We trust that our classes will make the most of it.

Lesson 1. Enlarge Upon the Following Outline.

1. Influence of Music in the Home.
 - (a) In promoting a spirit of harmony.
 - (b) In lightening work.
 - (c) In keeping children at home.
 - (d) In cultivating taste for higher things.
2. Character of Music in the Home.
 - (a) Discuss the vaudeville songs and rag time music in their effect upon morals and taste for children.
 - (b) The old songs. Their spirit and influence. More songs that reach the heart.
 - (c) Classic music in the home: how can it be provided?
 - (d) Effect of badly tuned, cheaply made instruments in the home.

Note:—It will be well to have some musician help you with this discussion if one be available.

Lesson 2. Practical Ways of Providing More Good Music in the Home.

Discuss these suggestions:

1. Morning and evening songs as part of the family worship.
2. Home concerts, at least once a month—once a week if possible.
3. We know of certain families who have developed a home orchestra, or home chorus, or quartet among their own children, or among their

own and their neighbor's children. How far might this practice be extended? Discuss its influence.

5. "Everyone should learn to sing—no matter how badly."

6. Our politeness, our pies, and our music should not all be saved for company.

Lesson 3. Giving the Children a Musical Education.

1. How the Church is helping in this important matter. What parents can do to encourage our musicians and choir leaders.

2. The good work being done in music by our schools. How the parents can reinforce it.

3. Special education in music.

(a) Operatic stars, or home and community happiness and uplift—which should be the ideal?

(b) How best to get children to practice and develop

their latent music ability. When to begin.

(c) What suggestions would you offer to musical teachers among us on the training of children?

4. What can parents do best to create a spirit for good music in the community?—to increase the opportunities for a musical education at home?

A suggestion:—In most of our communities there are musical leaders, or musical organizations, or music houses, who will be glad to co-operate with parents in giving a demonstration recital or illustrated lecture on "Home Music." Why not offer them the opportunity?

This is the parents opportunity also to show their appreciation of the generous and too often unappreciated labors of our singers and musicians. Plan some way to show them your appreciation.

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Second Year.

The Conversion of Saul.

In the twenty-second and twenty-sixth chapters of the Acts we are told that it was "about noon"—"at mid-day" when the "great light" shone suddenly from heaven. The light of the sun in the East is very strong, but it is said that this light was "above the brightness of the sun shining round about Paul and those that journeyed with him." All fell to the ground in terror or stood dumb with amazement. This sudden and terrible light made them afraid. "They heard not the voice of him that spoke to Paul, or, if they heard a voice, "they saw no man." The whole scene was one of bewilderment and confusion and caused much alarm among the travelers.

Saul was prostrate on the ground

while the others were stunned. A voice spoke clearly to him, but was a mysterious and indistinct sound to the others. The clear light broke in terribly on his mind and soul. He heard what they did not hear, and he saw what they did not see. The awful sound had no meaning to them, but to him it was the voice of the Son of God. While they saw nothing but the bright light, he saw Jesus whom he was persecuting. The language spoken was Hebrew,—the same language that was used to the beloved disciples while on earth. Now, from heaven to earth this language chides a persecutor. Parables were used by the Master on earth to convey lessons. The lilies that grew in Galilee and the birds that flew over the mountains had been used in comparison, and now the lesson was taught in the same manner.

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou

me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." (The "prick" of Acts xxvi: 14 is the goad or sharp pointed pole, which in Southern Europe and in the Levant is seen in the hands of those who are ploughing or driving cattle). As the ox rebels in against the goad of its master, and as its struggles do nothing but increase its distress, so is thy rebellion vain against the power of my grace. I have admonished thee by the word of my truth, by the death of my saints, by the voice of thy conscience. Struggle no more against conviction, "lest a worse thing come unto thee." In commenting on this vision Conybeare and Howson say: "It is evident that this revelation was not merely an inward impression made on the mind of Saul during a trance or ecstasy. It was the direct perception of the visible presence of Jesus Christ. This is asserted in various passages, both positively and incidentally. In St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, when he contends for the validity of his own apostleship, his argument is, Am I not an apostle? Have I not seen Jesus Christ, the Lord? and when he adduces the evidence for the truth of the resurrection, his argument is again, He was seen by Cephas, by James, by all the apostles, last of all by me, as one born out of due time."

By Cephas and by James at Jerusalem the reality of Saul's conversion was doubted, but "Barnabas brought him to the apostles, and related to them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and had spoken to him," and similarly Ananias had said to him at their first meeting in Damascus: "The Lord hath sent me, even Jesus who appeared to thee in the way as thou comest." "The God of our fathers hath chosen thee that thou shouldest see that Just One and shouldest hear the voice of his mouth." The very words which were spoken by the Savior imply the same important truth. He does not say, "I am the Son of God—the Eternal Word, the Lord of men and of angels," but "I am Jesus," "Jesus

of Nazareth." "I am that man whom not having seen thou hatest, the despised prophet of Nazareth, who was mocked and crucified at Jerusalem, who died and was buried, but now I appear to thee, that thou mayest know the truth of my resurrection, that I may convince thee of thy sin, and call thee to be my Apostle." The brilliant light had made Saul blind, and he rose to his feet subdued and ready for any order that might come to him. For three days he had time to meditate, after which he was ready for any humiliation that might come to him. He now fully understood his mission, and never faltered in it. Before Agrippa he later gave a condensed statement of his calling and experience as follows which also includes the word of Jesus to him: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest, but rise and stand upon thy feet; for to this end I have appeared unto thee; to ordain thee a minister and a witness, both of things which thou hast seen, and of those things wherein I will appear unto thee. And thee have I chosen from the House of Israel and from among the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among the sanctified, by faith in me."

Fourth Year.

The three lessons outlined for March deal with the subject of Baptism in its various phases.

In teaching this subject the following points should be emphasized:

The recipient of this ordinance must be prepared in mind and heart through faith and true repentance, and a desire to conform to the will of God. Young men and women sometimes oppose the doctrine of baptism because it has been taught them with too much emphasis upon mere outward conformity, and as a consequence, they fail to see the importance of being immersed in wa-

ter. These same skeptically minded people are perfectly willing to admit the importance of leading a pure life thoroughly devoted to good works. When they understand that this is the very thing emphasized in baptism, and that this ordinance is ordained of God as an outward sign and symbol of a solemn covenant with Him, in which covenant the one baptized receives remission of sins and is admitted to membership in the Church of God, there can be no objection to it on the ground that it is of no consequence, or that it is an unessential form. It is natural and necessary for man to express himself by outward signs or symbols. It is thus that thought and feeling are made manifest and reinforced. Baptism, considered in connection with all that it signifies, is full of meaning. On the other hand, for one to profess conversion to the laws of God and, at the same time, refuse to express that

conversion in the appointed way, is, indeed, an abandonment of common sense.

As a logical consequence of the above considerations, baptism is not an ordinance for infants. The exposition of this subject in the Book of Mormon and modern Church works of the Latter-day Saints is perfectly clear and consistent.

Baptism for the dead, as part of the plan of universal salvation, is another point to be emphasized. This doctrine, when first announced by the Latter-day Saints, was revolutionary in Christian theology. It at once cleared away an apparent injustice in Christian doctrine as expounded by theologians for many generations. This ordinance must also be considered in connection with all that it signifies as an ordinance, and in connection with its relation to the salvation of all mankind through Jesus Christ.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Second Year.

Book of Mormon Lessons for March.

[Prepared by Bertha Irvine, Liberty Stake.]

Lesson 43. The Rebellion of the Zoramites.

Alma 35, 43, 44.

The scenes of this lesson are located in Antionum, Jershon, banks of the Sidon river, hill Riplah and the country around Manti. (Locate on map.)

Time: 18th year of Judges B. C. 75.

Discuss the causes which brought this war upon the Nephites, and the motives of the Nephites as against those of the combined Zoramites and Lamanites (43:8-10). Point out the numerical strength of the two armies. Study the character of the two generals, showing how Moroni's faith in God added to his strength. Contrast

the appearance of the soldiers, describe their weapons, etc.

The march of the Lamanite army from Antionum down to the land of Manti cannot be followed without the aid of a map. Note that they departed from Antionum and marched southwest in the borders of the wilderness towards the head waters of the Sidon, and from there journeyed northward towards the land Manti, traveling on the east of the river, until they came to the Hill Riplah. At this point they evidently intended to cross the river on the west of the hill, and then make their way to Manti. However, they were surprised by Moroni's army, already concealed on the east and south of Riplah, as well as on the west bank of the Sidon and at points on the way to Manti. It is evident that Moroni's army had taken a more direct route, for we remember they were delayed

while awaiting word from Alma as to their movements.

In the Story of the Book of Mormon we find this comment: "The battle that was fought when the opposing armies met was one of the most stubborn and bloody in Nephite history. Never from the beginning had the Lamanites been known to fight with such exceeding strength and courage."

Have the conversation between Moroni and Zerahemnah read in the class. (44:1-12.) Note the covenant entered into (44:19).

It was the faith of the Nephites that enabled them to stand against their enemies, and it was to the Lord that Moroni gave praise for their deliverance. Contrast the conditions of the Lamanites when in need of strength.

NOTES.

Antionum—A district of country east of the river Sidon. It appears to have been of considerable extent, stretching from the great southern wilderness to Jershon on the north. The land of Zarahemla formed its western border, while on the east it extended indefinitely into the great eastern wilderness.

Hill Riplah—A hill on the east side of the River Sidon, in the neighborhood of the Land of Manti.

Lesson 44. The Standard of Liberty.

Alma 46. Special attention is also called to the 30th chapter of the Story of the Book of Mormon, which treats this lesson in a very fine manner.

Time: About 74 B. C.

Two characters stand out very prominently in this lesson. Consider the motives of each. Make the "Title of Liberty" impressive. Perhaps one of the pupils could write the words upon a piece of cloth, to give the class an idea as to its appearance.

In line with Moroni's prayer, as given in verse 13, we might refer to the incident in the life of Washington when he was seen praying for the success of the American cause.

Note how Moroni's enthusiasm spread until every Nephite city floated

the standard of liberty from its tower, and those who sought to destroy the liberty of the people had to flee for their lives. Moroni's patriotism and fidelity mark him as a great character, to be further developed in our later lessons.

Lesson 45. Amalickiah's Treachery.

Alma 47. Story of Book of Mormon, chapter 30.

Time: B. C. 73.

Place: Land of Nephi—Onidah—Mount Antipas.

Review briefly the event that had caused the Lamanites to so greatly fear the Nephites.

The story of Amalickiah's treacherous plans is plainly told in our text. Such a character as his teaches its lessons. His selfish ambition made him a traitor even to those who trusted him. He was untrue to himself and could not therefore be true to anyone. Note particularly the comment made in the last verse of the chapter. Why should this be the case? Illustrate by the lives of those who have apostatized from the Church in our day.

Fourth Year.

Bible Lessons for February.

ADDITIONAL HELPS.

[Prepared by J. Leo Fairbanks.]

Lesson 40. The Psalms.

Text: Twenty-third Psalm.

General Preparation: Ask all pupils to bring their Bibles.

Special Preparation: Ask the chorister to sing "The Lord is My Shepherd"—page 212, "Deseret Sunday School Songs," as devotional song for the morning.

Teachers Preparation: Psalmody, Bible and "Deseret Sunday School Songs".

Time: Some claim David wrote it in his youth; others maintain that it was written near the end of his life. We incline to the former belief.

Place: The sheep folds near Bethlehem.

Memory Gem: Memorize the psalm (see note for explanation).

Picture Study: Shepherds of Palestine.

Aim: To create a love for the Psalms and our own hymns.

Notes: Read the titles of a few of our popular hymns. Read all of "Come, Come Ye Saints." Tell why it was written. Call attention to some of our anthems and explain that they are songs of praise, or words of scripture set to music. Explain that our Psalmody is a collection of our Psalms or praise songs. Have some of the hymns read. Glance rapidly through the Psalms to get a general idea of them, then tell or read the following extract from Henry Van Dyke's Story of the Psalms.

"There is no room for doubt that the Christian Church, while careful to observe a due reverence for the whole Bible as her inspired rule of faith and practice, has always used a large liberty of affection towards its different books, and has taken some of them into her heart with a fondness which is not unreasonable, though it may be partial. Chief among these favorites is the book of Psalms—the fairest offspring of the Jew's religion—which Christianity has adopted as if it were her own. There is certainly no other portion of the Hebrew Scriptures which can compare with it in favor or familiarity. And, whatever may be said by the disciples of the school of Shammai against such partiality, it may be answered that Christ and His apostles set the example, and the Church has followed it from the beginning until the present day.

Between the first verse of St. Matthew's Gospel and the last verse of St. John's Revelation, there are two hundred and eighty-three quotations from the Old Testament. One Hundred and sixteen of them are from the Psalms. It was the first book which the early Church put into the hands of her young converts—the primer of her religious teaching; and no man could be admitted to the highest order of the clergy unless he knew the Psalter by heart. It was used for singing in the first assemblies for Christian worship, and has found a place in the public services of every historic church—Greek, Roman, German, Swiss, French,

Scotch and English. It is the only one of the Hebrew books which is bound up with the New Testament as if it belonged there. And I think we may feel that this is not only natural, but also right, and that there are good reasons why we should care more for the Psalms than for any other portion of the Old Testament. * * * * *

It was originally the Hymn-Book of the Jewish people. We are sure of this, not only from the tradition in regard to it, but also from the title which it bears in the Hebrew language. It is called Tehillim: "Praise," or "Songs of Praise." Our familiar English word, "Psalms" is the name which was given to it by those who spoke Greek. It means simply "Songs set to music." And the name "Psalter" is of like meaning, being derived, or rather transferred directly and almost letter for letter, from the Greek word for stringed instrument, after the same fashion in which, nowadays, any collection of sacred poetry might be called "The Harp" or "The Lyre."

Now, if we take up one of our innumerable modern hymn-books, we may notice several characteristic features in it. In the first place, we see that it has been compiled by some person or persons who cannot lay any claim to the authorship of the book. Then we observe that it includes the productions of many different writers, widely separated one from another not only in time, but also in style. We perceive that most of these pieces are adapted for use in the public worship of the Church; but among them there are some of a more reflective and personal character which are better fitted to be read than to be sung. And, finally, we shall find, at least in the latest and best books, that the compilers have given the author's names, where they were known, and added now and then a note to tell how and when the hymn was written.

All of these features we may observe, if we read with candor and intelligence, in the Book of Psalms. We call it a book; but in fact there are five books here, distinctly separated, and each of them embracing the work of many different authors and periods. The first book ends with the Forty-first Psalm, the second book with the seventy-second, the third book with the eighty-ninth, the fourth book with the one hundred and sixth, and the fifth book with the one hundred and fiftieth.

We do not know, and it would be vain to seek, who it was that brought these collections into their present form. Certainly the work was done after the Babylonish captivity; probably it was com-

pleted before the rise of the Maccabees and the translation of the Septuagint.
* * * *

It was the custom of the early commentators to ignore all these differences, and maintain that David wrote all the psalms, either with his own hand, or through the agency of others who were virtually his amanuenses. This view is manifestly absurd. It is as impossible to imagine that David was the author of "By the Rivers of Babylon," or "Oh, God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance," as it would be to suppose that "My Country, 'tis of Thee" was written by Dr. Watts. But the modern theory that none of the Psalms are Davidic, is equally untenable. The truth lies between these two extremes. And when we speak, as we often do, of the whole collection as the "Psalms of David," we mean simply that he was the greatest among the sweet singers of Israel, and so the book naturally bears his name.

We are free, then, to read these sacred lyrics in the light of history and criticism, and to try to discover, as far as we can, the ages, the authors, and the circumstances from which they have come down to us. It is true that it is not necessary for us to do this. For, as pure poetry and religious teaching, the Psalms will always have their own value, independent of their age and authorship. But it is surely desirable for us to know as much about them as possible. Every point of contact that we can find between these songs and the lives of real men, every circumstance that links them to actual human experience, helps to illuminate and vivify their meaning. Just as we gain a new insight into "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" from the knowledge of poor Cowper's attempt at suicide, and a better understanding of "One There is Above all Others" from the story of John Newton's strange life; just as "Lead, kindly Light" shines with a clearer radiance when we know about Newman's troubled voyage on the Mediterranean (and in spirit on more stormy waters), and "Abide with Me" becomes more precious when we remember Henry Lyte's last communion: so these ancient Hebrew psalms must be more valuable to us when, out of the far distant past, we can catch some echoes, however faint, of their human histories.

In studying the Psalms with such a purpose as this, we find three things to help us:

First of all are the inscriptions or titles which have been prefixed by the compilers of the book to many of the separate lyrics. There are one hundred and sixteen of these titles; and only

thirty-four of the Psalms, being without inscriptions, are called by the quaint Jewish writers "the orphans." In regard to these titles, it is important to remember that they are not parts of the poems which they describe. They were added by later hands, just as the editor of a hymn-book adds his notes. They vary considerably in the different editions of the book. They have no inspired authority, and their correctness, like that of the superscriptions and postscripts of the New Testament Epistles, is a fair subject for consideration and discussion, even among those who hold the strictest doctrine of inspiration. At the same time they are unquestionably of great antiquity, and it would be folly to reject them. It is safe to say that "they give us the earliest information we have as to the origin and authorship of these poems, and are therefore of priceless historical value." They are accepted, if not with absolute confidence, yet with great respect, and corrected only where we have good grounds for believing that they are in error.

Our second help in tracing the authorship and date of the Psalms, is to be found in their historical allusions. The mention of the fall of Poland and the death of Kosciusko in the "Pleasures of Hope" would justify us, in fact of any tradition to the contrary, in saying that the poem must have been written at some time contemporaneous with, or subsequent to, these events. And in like manner an allusion to the destruction of Jerusalem or the captivity of Zion makes us sure that the psalm which contains it could not have been written by David or Solomon.

The third means by which we are helped in following the story of the Psalms, is the analogy of style and language. This method ought to be used with the greatest care and modesty, for, even from a literary point of view, there is nothing more perilous and more likely to lead into folly than the self-confidence of what is called the Higher Criticism. But at the same time, every man, every age, has a distinctive tone and manner of speech. And in determining whether a particular psalm was written by David or Solomon or Moses, we have a right to compare it with what we already know of the style and character of those men from their other writings and the age in which they lived.

Even with all these things to help us, there are many of the psalms which must remain practically anonymous and unconnected with any historical event. They come out of darkness, and we must take them simply for what they are to us, and

not for what they were once to other men. * * * *

With the music of psalms the shepherds and ploughmen cheered their toil in ancient Palestine; and to the same music the Gallic boatmen kept time as they rowed their barges against the swift current of the Rhone. A psalm supplied the daily grace with which the early Christians blessed their food; and the same psalm was repeated by the communicants as they went to the Lord's table. St. Chrysostom fleeing into exile; Martin Luther going to meet all possible devils at Worms; George Wishart facing the plague at Dundee; Wicliffe on his sick-bed, surrounded by his enemies; John Bunyan in Bedford jail; William Wilberforce in a crisis when all his most strenuous efforts seemed in vain, and when his noble plans were threatened with ruin—all stayed their hearts and renewed their courage with verses from the Psalms. The Huguenots at Dieppe marched to victory chanting the Sixty-eighth psalm; and the same stately war song sounded over the field of Dunbar. It was a psalm that Alice Benden sung in the darkness of her Canterbury dungeon; and the lips of the Roman Paulla, faintly moving in death, breathed their last sigh in the words of a psalm. The motto of England's proudest university is a verse from the Psalms; and a sentence from the same book is written above the loneliest grave on earth, among the snows of the Arctic circle. It was with the fifth verse of the Thirty-first psalm that our Lord Jesus Christ commended His soul into the hands of God; and with the same words, St. Stephen, St. Polycarp, St. Basil, St. Bernard, St. Louis, Huss, Columbus, Luther and Melanchthon—yea, and many more saints of whom no man knoweth—have bid their farewell to earth and their welcome to heaven.

And so it is that these psalms come to us with a power and sweetness which have grown through all the centuries, a life precious and manifold. The breath of the Eternal is in them. But not this alone; for they breathe, also, the fragrance of all that is highest and best in the mortal.

Since David collected many of the Psalms we shall begin by studying the most popular. We are already familiar with it as it was sung this morning for opening exercises. Ask a pupil to read the psalm, then give some description of it.

Psalm 23. Call attention to the difference in American shepherds and shepherds of Palestine. In the latter, the tie that binds them to his few dumb animals in a wild country, where robbers and fierce beasts abound, is not the same as in our country. In Palestine he leads the sheep, knows each one by name and cares for them in a sacrificing way, hunting water and pasture and ready to rescue them from hot sun or roaring mountain cloud-burst. The haunting solitudes and dangerous, menacing life causes the shepherds to love their flocks. The vast dreary hills with tinkling bells and star-lit skies moved the lad to contemplation. The occasional visits to soothe the king and the anointing received from the hand of God's servant moved David to poetic expression of his innermost reverence and imagery. "All that I do for these helpless sheep," says David one day, as he watched the animals grazing,—"all the watchfulness and kindness and protection and provident companionship which I give to them, God has bestowed upon me in infinitely greater measure. He has directed my course and supplied my wants, and given me the power to enjoy this lonely life, and take care of me amid all its dangers. Truly my father's sheep are well tended. But as for me—"The Lord is my Shepherd."

There are three notes in it upon which we may well fix our attention. (1) The note of contentment in the first three verses. (2) The note of courage in the fourth verse beginning, "I will fear no evil." (3) Note of confidence, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Lesson 41. The Psalms, continued.

Text: Psalm 90, 24, 25.

General Preparation: Psalm 90. Bring Bibles to the class.

Special Preparation: Ask each pupil to read a psalm that some one recommended to them. (The following

are very good: 31, 51, 72, 73, 107, 133, 127, 128).

Time: Psalm 90 about 1455 B. C.

Place: In the wilderness.

Picture study: David the harpist, or temple service.

Aim: Individual consolation and encouragement to be found in the Psalms.

NOTES: Explain to the children that after great victories the children of Israel would shout praises to their God and king. That during David's reign they had many occasions to sing hallelujah, because David brought them to the greatest height of their earthly kingdom. Being a warrior and musician he encouraged these joyous outbursts of their enthusiasm. He wrote much himself and collected the best poetry and music of the ancient Israelitish singers. During the reign of Solomon there was great peace in the land,—people prospered; the house of God was built and dedicated. The temple service consisted of songs of Israel which were collected and rendered by priests, people, and special choruses. These collections, with lamentations, songs of sorrow, or reflections of God's wisdom, together with the service of the Second Temple formed the Hebrew hymn book or Psalms.

The real meaning of the word *Psalm* is "praise-song." Sometimes the Psalms are called the *Psalter*. They are a collection of lyric poetry to be accompanied by the music of the lyre or other stringed instrument.

The psalms of the Bible are the expressions of the Hebrew people. By learned men they are considered the finest collection of poetry in the world. They explain the feelings of all peoples better than any other writings. They have been used by all churches. They are known and sung by the learned and ignorant, rich and poor, alike. They have cheered the

souls of martyrs, saints, laborers, grief-stricken and repentant sinners. In comparison, the poetry of other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have softened human hearts and exalted wretched beings. For the joyous and happy they are full of exultation.

This Hebrew poetry is grounded in the foundation of eternal truth. It comes from the soul's urgent wants. It has a peculiar power to reach the human heart. How various in strains of joy, of sorrow, of gratitude, of love, of hope, of confidence, of fear, of remorse, of penitence! etc. There is scarcely a conceivable state of the human soul in which one may not repair to the *Psalter* as to a sympathizing friend.

The Psalms are of the following kinds:

1. Hymns of praise to Jehovah.
2. National Hymns.
3. Psalms of Zion and the Temple.
4. Psalms relating to the king.
5. Songs of complaint, prayer or persecution of enemies.
6. Religious or moral psalms.

Psalm 90. The prayer of Moses. "In this psalm we hear the voice of the ages. Its language is filled with the solemn stateliness of a remote antiquity, and every phase comes to us freighted with the experience of generations. Week after week through many centuries, it has been read over the graves of many thousands of children of men, and there is probably no one dwelling in a Christian land who has not heard it repeated often. It antedates all other funeral hymns and is the utterance of the greatest man of the Hebrew race excepting Christ. Surely he who talked face to face with God can sum up the human experience of mortals on this earth. This prayer is a petition to God, and instruction to men. It shows what we ought to desire and to ask in view of the shortness of life." We should make the most of life. Remember

that the riches we possess in this world will belong to some one else when we die, but what we are we can take with us. We should strive to leave something behind us that shall last and let God's beauty enter into it.

Psalm 24. A Marching Chorus.

David had secured the city of Jerusalem and was preparing to take the ark of Jehovah to its victorious resting place. For the deaths of Saul and Jonathan, David had sung his hymn of mourning (II Samuel 1:17-27), and was now ready to fulfill the purpose of his divine anointing. This psalm is the one that was sung in escorting the ark to its home. After the punishment of Uzzah and a wait of three months, the sacred procession moves on again. No doubt the anthem or psalm was sung chorally,—voices questioning and replying with the intervals filled with music from the instruments.

Psalm 25. By some claimed to be one of the most inspired psalms written.

Psalm 31. Through disappointment the author's testimony remains unshaken. Its authorship is attributed to Jeremiah, who claims that Judah's repentance came too late to save her. The foundations had been too deeply undermined.

Psalm 51 refers to David's repentance after his great sin. Though the world was ignorant of his crime, he was conscious of his alienation from God as the Prodigal son from his home. David tries to gain forgiveness from his Father and be restored to confidence.

Psalm 72. The last sigh of the exile.

Psalm 107. The praise of prayer.

Psalm 133. Brotherly love.

Psalms 127 and 128 tell us of the evils of the city and the Godliness of early marriage and raising honorable families.

Lesson 42. Proverbs.

(Third Sunday in February.)

[Lessons 42 and 43 prepared by Sister Maude Paul, Liberty Stake.]

Text: Proverbs 6:6-8; 10:1; 15:1, 3, 13, 15, 17; 17:17, 24, 28, 32.

Time: 1015—977 B. C.

Place: City of David.

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

Solomon's reign in Israel was a period of peace, prosperity and intellectual growth. David had conquered the enemies of Israel, united the people, and laid the foundation for the successful reign which followed.

The proverbs are in general the product of this period and are representative of the religious teaching and the literature of that time.

It is suggested that as an introduction to the Proverbs, the teacher quote a familiar saying,—“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” for instance, and invite the members of the class to give others. When the interest of the class has been obtained, tell the children that Solomon, the wise king, wrote three thousand of these short, pithy sayings, many of which are preserved to us in the Bible. Which of those quoted are from the Bible? How old, then, are they? Which are of comparatively modern origin?

The foregoing texts are selected as being suited to pupils of Second Intermediate age, but teachers are urged to select any others that may appeal to them. Have Bible in hands of pupils and selected proverbs read in class.

NOTES.

1. The meaning of the original term *Mashal* is similitude or comparison, and it is easy to trace from this the different significations into which the word has ramified. A sentiment is often illustrated by an ingenious comparison of some moral or spiritual truth to one material and familiar object, and this form of speech when expressed in a condensed or striking manner, is called a proverb; but when extended into a connected nar-

rative, involving a comparison, is called a parable.

2. While the occasional use of the proverbial maxim is common to all countries and ages, it prevailed most extensively in an early and simple state of society, before knowledge had been reduced to a regular system of instruction. Among the Orientals, this form of literature has always been a favorite. Among the nomadic tribes of Arabia, a large collection of whose proverbs has been preserved—Chinese, Persians, Greeks, and other peoples of the east—a taste for proverbial philosophy still maintains its ground. The Hebrews were not less fond of it than their neighbors.

3. An acute remark, a moral adage, an admonition conveyed in brief and pithy sentences, arrested the attention and operated forcefully upon the hearts of a rude people, and in every age are well fitted to impress the minds of the young and uninformed.

4. Solomon is accredited with the authorship of the Proverbs, but the title is probably only a convenient designation, in view of the position assigned to Solomon as the most brilliant of Israel's wise men. Since Solomon spoke 3,000 proverbs, many of them are undoubtedly recorded in the Bible, others may have been collected by him, while still others are of a much later origin. An officer, called an order or secretary, was employed in the courts to chronicle the sage observations of the kings. Such an officer was undoubtedly in the court of Solomon and his wise sayings during so long a reign must have formed a gigantic pile.

Lesson 43. Proverbs.

(First Lesson in March.)

Texts: Proverbs 18:24, 28; 20:1; 23:31; 28:13; Ec. 11:55; Ec. 10:8; 9:10.

General assignment made preceding Sunday, Proverbs 11:16-18, verses to be memorized by class. Pupils select favorite proverb.

NOTES.

1. The Book of Proverbs bears evident marks of being composed of several smaller collections, which were made at different times. It is accordingly divided into five distinct parts.

Part I consists of the first nine chap-

ters and contains not proverbs in the accepted term, but connected moral discourses, in praise of wisdom and chastity. There seems to be no sufficient reason for rejecting the Jewish tradition that Solomon was the author of this part of the book.

Part II, chapters 10 to 22, inclusive, are the most perfect from a literary point of view. These are not mere popular sayings picked up in the market place, but products of the finest literary workmanship, the choicest product of the Wisdom Schools, and presupposes long training and practice before such art could be exhibited. The diction throughout is perfect, varied, elegant, and truly poetic.

2. The Book of Proverbs is, from a moral and religious point of view, one of the most valuable portions of the Old Testament. It gives a view of Jewish religion and morality, as pervading the common life of the Jews, much more favorable than that which we receive from the accounts of the ceremonies and forms elsewhere enjoined. It is true that the religion and morality of the Book of Proverbs will not bear a favorable comparison with those of Jesus Christ. Its morality is less disinterested, being, for the most part, founded rather in prudence than in love. Its motives generally are of a much less elevated character than those which Christianity presents. Honesty, truthfulness, prudence, temperance, justice, purity and chastity are the virtues extolled and emphasized as marks of the wise man; while he who neglects these and practices their opposites was designated as a fool. In a word, the Proverbs were the practical application of lofty teachings and the formal righteousness of the Law to the everyday life of the individual.

Lesson 44. Elijah.

[Prepared by D. Branson Brinton, Ensign Stake.]

Text: I Kings 17, 18, 19.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

1. Unwelcome Message to Ahab.

- (a) Its nature.
- (b) Conditions calling it forth.
- (1) Jezebel and Ahab's supporting idolatry in Israel.

2. Miraculously Guided and Protected.

- (a) Near brook Cherith.
- (b) Sent to Zarephath.
 - (1) The widow blessed.
 - (2) Widow's son raised.
 - (3) The widow's testimony.
- (c) Elijah and Obadiah.

3. Elijah's Condemnation of Wickedness.

- (a) Reproveth Ahab.
- (b) Confounds prophets of Baal. (Give details.)
 - (1) The people's testimony.

Suggestive Aim:—God recognizes the authority of His servants and is displeased with wickedness and idolatry.

Illustration, application.

NOTES.

Elijah is a very romantic character of the Old Testament, and is a Tishbite of the inhabitants of Gilead. This is all that is given concerning his parentage or country. He was of rather singular appearance. His hair was long and thick and hung down his back, which reminds one of the strength of Samson, and which was a sign of his great endurance also. We first hear of him when he predicts the drought which lasted three years and six months. He suddenly appeared to Ahab and proclaimed the vengeance of Jehovah for the apostasy of the king. We are not then told what then happened, but it is plain that Elijah had to flee from the king and was directed to the brook Cherith, where, as we know he was fed by the ravens. He remained there until the brook dried up when he was directed to move to Zarephath, a Phoenician town between Tyre and Sidon. There he was supported by a widow. It was at this time he performed the miracles of raising the widow's son from death and continuing the supply of the oil and meal. In the meantime Obadiah and the king searched for Elijah in every nation. At last Obadiah reports to the king that the man whom they seek is found. Elijah gives them instructions and commands all Israel to be collected with the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. Sacrifice is offered by the followers of Baal and also by Elijah himself to determine which was worshiping the true God. The burning

of the sacrifice proved that Elijah was right and the hearts of the people were turned toward God. The command was then given by Elijah for all the prophets of Baal to be slain. Then the rain came and ended the drought.

Lesson 45. Elijah's Later Life.

Text: I Kings 21:22; II Kings 1:2.

1. Ahab's wife sends message to Elijah.
 - (a) Elijah flees from Jezebel.
 - (b) Elijah converses with angel.
2. King Ahab desires Vineyard.
 - (a) His wife intercedes.
 - (b) Death of Naboth.
 - (c) Elijah goes to the vineyard to see Ahab.
3. War with Ramoth-Gilead.
 - (a) Ahab's death.
4. Ahaziah's accident.
 - (a) Elijah and Ahaziah's message.
 - (a) Elijah calls down fire.
5. Travels of Elijah and Elisha.
 - (a) Elijah taken up in whirlwind.
 - (b) Elisha is mocked.

Suggestive Aim: God comes to the aid of those who serve Him.

Illustration, application.

Ahab went to Jezreel and told Jezebel his wife about Elijah's actions. She immediately sent a messenger to Elijah saying as he had done to the prophets of Baal such should be done to him. Elijah fled to Beer-sheba and then leaving his servant went into the wilderness where he was comforted by an angel. Elijah talked with God in the mountains and was commanded to anoint Hazael king over Syria, Jehu king over Israel and to anoint Elisha to be a prophet. Elisha followed Elijah.

In the meantime King Ahab wanted a vineyard which belonged to Naboth of Jezreel and asked to pay for it with money or other property. Naboth would not dispose of it, which displeased Ahab and his wife Jezebel, seeing this, wrote to Naboth and his associates, signing the king's name and using his seal. This caused the death of Naboth and the king obtained the vineyard. The Lord then told Elijah to go to the vineyard in Samaria and see Ahab and say, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?

And thou shalt speak unto him saying, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." Ahab humbled himself and the Lord spared him.

Jehosaphat, king of Judah, and the king of Isarel and their people had war with the people of Ramoth-Gilead. Ahab king of Isarel, was killed in battle while in disguise, and Elijah's prophecy concerning the spilling of his blood was fulfilled.

Ahaziah, through an accident, is injured, and sends a messenger to inquire of Baal-zebub about his recovery. Elijah is told by an angel to meet the mes-

senger and ask him if it is because there is no other God that they inquire of Baal-zebub. Then he tells them Ahaziah will die. Elijah calls down fire on the captain of fifty and his fifty on three occasions to prove there is a God of Israel and not of Baal-zebub. Elijah is sent to Bethel and Elisha goes with him. Elijah tries to get Elisha to leave him as it was prophesied Elijah would be taken into heaven. In their travels Elijah smites the water of Jordan with his mantel, which is his robe wound up like a staff, and it divides. After crossing the river Elijah is taken into heaven in a whirlwind and his mantel was left upon Elisha.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Second Year Work.

[Prepared by George M. Cannon.]

Lesson 7. Life of Jacob.

(For second Sunday in March.)

Text: Gen. 25:27; 28.

In the life of Jacob we consider the third of the patriarchs named in the Bible as worthy to be considered great. And as previously noted, our Heavenly Father frequently refers to Himself as the "God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

Jacob also was a child of promise. Some have mocked at his course and that of his mother in deceiving his father Isaac and claiming the blessing at his hand which Isaac had intended for Esau.

But our Heavenly Father knew us before we came to this earth, and He had promised Rebecca that she should have two sons, and that from them should spring two nations or peoples. Also that one people should be stronger than the other people, and of the sons, that the older should serve the younger.

The mother, therefore, knew that in the eyes of the Lord her younger son, Jacob, was more worthy than his elder brother, Esau. The reason for this

was in the sons themselves, and in their aims and character. Jacob did not so much care for the riches and possessions of his father, but he prized the birthright and the blessings that went with it. Esau loved the things of the earth, and the birthright to him appeared of less consequence. And so when he was faint with hunger and he asked Jacob for the pottage he had prepared, and when Jacob replied, "Sell me this day thy birthright," Esau despised his birthright, sold it to appease his hunger, and after eating and drinking, rose up and went his way. And since that day, anyone who would sell a great treasure or precious gift for a trifle is referred to as one who "would sell his birthright for a mess of pottage."

That it was not property or riches that Jacob desired from Esau when he obtained the birthright and subsequently received the blessing from Isaac that belonged to the firstborn, is clearly shown when, by his mother's advice he left his father's house to avoid his brother's wrath, and also to go to his mother's kindred and there seek a wife, he did so on foot and alone, taking with him only a staff and leaving to Esau all the flocks and herds and other possessions of their father Isaac.

Jacob's journey to the land of his

mother's nativity is filled with interest. His father blessed him in parting and charged him not to marry a wife of the daughters of Canaan, but to go to the house of Bethuel, his mother's father, and to choose a wife from the daughters of Laban, his mother's brother. The final blessing given Jacob by his father is beautiful, both in thought and language (see Gen. 28:3-4).

At the end of the first day's journey, Jacob stopped for the night and simply took stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down to sleep. Here he had his wonderful vision of a ladder set up on the earth, the top reaching to heaven. And the Lord stood above it and repeated to Jacob the promises made to his grandfather Abraham. And when Jacob arose in the morning, he took the stone he had used for his pillows and set it up for a pillar and dedicated it. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying: (Gen. 28:2-21-22) "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God:

"And this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

In our own day, modern Israel (that is, the Latter-day Saints) are under this same covenant, and if we keep it and obey the other commandments of the Lord, this shall be a land of Zion unto us, and we shall abide and prosper and be blessed in the land.

Jacob continued on his journey, and when he had come, as the Bible says, "Into the land of the people of the East," found shepherds who knew Laban, his mother's brother, and while he talked with them concerning his uncle's welfare they said: "Behold Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep." Jacob was delighted to meet his cousin Rachel, and found her both beautiful and strong. He made him-

self known to her, and removed the great stone from the mouth of the well and watered the sheep for her. And Laban was glad to hear from his kindred and hastened to welcome Jacob to his home, and invited him to abide with them. And Jacob loved Rachel and offered to serve Laban seven years if he would give him his younger daughter Rachel for his wife. And Laban accepted the offer, but when the seven years were up, he deceived Jacob, and gave to him his older daughter, Leah, as his wife. And when Jacob found how he had been deceived and had married Leah, for he loved Rachel, he was angry and demanded to know from Laban why he had beguiled him. And Laban explained that the custom of the country demanded that the elder daughter should be married first; and offered to give Rachel also to Jacob for his wife if he would then serve him another seven years. And Jacob loved Rachel dearly, and served his uncle another seven years for her. Jacob's wife Rachel gave him her maid Bilhal to be his wife, and Leah gave to him her maid Zilpah; so that he had four wives, and they bore him twelve sons and one daughter. And after Jacob's eleventh son (Joseph) was born and the fourteenth year he had served Laban had expired, he desired to leave Laban and return to his own country and to provide for his own family. And Laban knew that his affairs had prospered greatly under Jacob's care and did not desire to see him go. And so Jacob agreed to remain and serve as before, taking charge of Laban's flocks and herds on terms that now-a-days would be called "on shares." And Jacob's herds and flocks grew great in number and strength. And after Laban's sons noticed that Jacob's flocks and herds prospered more than those of their own father they talked of the matter. And Laban's countenance indicated that he was not pleased, and so Jacob told his wives, Leah and Rachel, that their father seemed dis-

pleased; and that although Laban had changed Jacob's wages (or share) ten times, that by his own energy and experience with the flocks and herds, and by the blessings of the Lord, whichever color Laban named as those that should be Jacob's share, the increase or young were mostly of that color. And Jacob was afraid because of the way Laban had deceived him about his wives and his wages, and that if he asked to be allowed to go away Laban would deny the request. So he gathered together all that belonged to him, and with his family and his servants departed secretly for his old home. Laban followed after him, but being warned by the Lord in a dream to treat Jacob kindly, made a covenant of peace and friendship with him.

Jacob continued on his way and came to the land of his father; and sent presents before him to his brother Esau. These presents were very imposing. They consisted of flocks of goats and sheep, two hundred and twenty of each; a band of twenty donkeys, with their colts; a herd of fifty cattle, and thirty camels, with their colts. All these he separated into droves, each drove by itself, and with a space "betwixt drove and drove." Each drove was in charge of Jacob's servants, who were instructed to go forward and as each reached Esau, to say to him that these were a present to him from his brother Jacob. Although Esau had been very angry with Jacob at the time Jacob left home, he received him now with much kindness. He also asked Jacob what was meant by all the droves he had met, and when told they were intended as presents for him, replied: "I have enough, my brother, keep that thou hast unto thyself." But Jacob insisted and said: "Take, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee; because God hath dealt graciously with me, and because I have enough." And he urged him and he took it.

And after this the Lord appeared unto Jacob and told him that his name

should not be called any more Jacob, but Israel and by this name, has he and his descendants as a whole been known since that time.

Lesson 8. Joseph—his Boyhood.

(For Third Sunday in March.)

Text: Genesis 37.

Perhaps the story of Joseph is the most beautiful in the Bible. The Bible text itself is perhaps better than any attempt to tell the story in modern or everyday language that could be made. So that the teacher and pupil are both referred to the reference. Lesson 8 is outlined.

Lesson 9. Joseph, in Egypt.

(For Last Sunday in March.)

Text: Genesis 39.

The teacher with the aid of the Stake Board in Union meeting is expected to outline this lesson.

Fourth Year.

[By Sylvester D. Bradford.]

Lesson 7. Peter and Cornelius.

The text should be Acts 10, and 11: 1-18 instead of the text given in the outline.

This lesson is not a difficult one to give because the story is interesting and the incidents are given in full. For many years the Jews had been priding themselves in the fact that they were God's chosen people, and that His choicest blessings were intended for them alone. When the gospel came, the converted Jews were thoroughly convinced that Gentiles were not to receive any of its benefits. Peter's prejudices were, no doubt, very strong in these matters and yet the time had come for him to go to the Gentiles to preach and baptize.

It was now the purpose of the Lord to show that the gospel was for all nations if they would obey.

The Savior had already said to the apostles: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Even Peter did not comprehend the meaning of this commission.

Explain the purpose of Peter's vision. Show that the truth was taught by the vision, but that it was further impressed upon his soul:

First, by the three messengers awaiting him.

Second, by his conversation with Cornelius.

Third, by the Holy Ghost descending upon the people before baptism.

Lesson 8. The Mission of Paul and Barnabas.

Text: Acts 11:19-30; 13:1-52.

(See Outlines.)

NOTES.

"As soon as these first Gentiles were admitted to the church, the way was open for Paul to begin his great mission to the Gentiles. Almost at the same time that Cornelius was baptized there was a great revival among the Gentiles who had fled from Jerusalem because of persecution. The apostles sent Barnabas there to superintend the work. This man knew Paul, as we know, and when Paul first came to Jerusalem, a Christian, it was Barnabas who assured the suspicious Saints that Paul had really been converted. Their association was short at this time, but Barnabas still remembered the strong impression he had received of this remarkable man. The work at Antioch was so great that Barnabas felt he needed help and he at once thought of Paul and went to Tarsus to invite him to join in the great work. Paul gladly accepts, and almost immediately he shows himself to be the greatest missionary of those former times.—Condensed from "Life of Paul," Stalker.

We have already seen that Barnabas may be called the discoverer of Paul; and when they set out on this journey together he was probably in a position to act as Paul's patron, for he enjoyed much consideration in the community. Converted apparently on the day of Pentecost, he had played a leading part in the subsequent events. He was a man of high social position, a landed proprietor in the Island of Cyprus. He sacrificed all to the new movement into which he had been drawn. * * * He had such a remarkable gift of eloquence that he was called the "Son of Exhortation," * * * The direction in which they set out, too, was the one which Barnabas

might be expected to choose. They went first to Cyprus, the island where his property had been and many of his friends still were. It lay eighty miles to the southwest of Seleucia, the seaport of Antioch, and they must reach it on the very day they left headquarters.

Can we conceive what their procedure was like in the towns they visited? It is difficult, indeed, to picture it to ourselves, as we try to see them with the mind's eye entered any place. We naturally think of them as the most important personages in it; to us their entry is as august as if they had been carried on a car of victory. Very different, however, was the reality. They entered a town as quietly and unnoticed as any two strangers who may walk into one of our towns any morning. Their first care was to get a lodging; and then they had to seek for employment, for they worked at their trade wherever they went. Nothing could be more commonplace. Who could dream that this travel-stained man, going from one tent-maker's door to another, seeking for work, was carrying the future of the world beneath his robe!

When the Sabbath came round they would cease from toil, like the other Jews in the place, and repair to the synagogue. They joined in the psalms and prayers with the other worshipers and listened to the reading of the scripture. After this the presiding elder might ask if anyone present had a word of exhortation to deliver. This was Paul's opportunity. He would rise and, with outstretched hand, begin to speak. At once the audience recognized the accents of the cultivated rabbi; and the strange voice won their attention. Taking up the passages which had been read, he would soon be moving forward on the stream of Jewish history till he led up to the astounding announcement that the Messiah hoped for by their fathers and promised by their prophets had come, and he had been sent among them as His apostle. Then would follow the story of Jesus.—Condensed from "Life of Paul," Stalker.

Lesson 9. Second Missionary Journey.

Text: Acts 15:36-41; 16: 1-40.

(Both the title and the text are different here to what they are in the outline.)

- I. Controversy over John Mark.
- II. Timotheus Chosen to Accompany Paul and Silas.
- III. The Journey Begins.
1. They carry decrees to the

saints in Phrygia and Galatia.

2. Directed by the Spirit to Troas.
(It is important that this place be located.)

IV. The Gospel is Carried Westward into What is Now Europe. (See note.)

1. Paul's vision of the man of Macedonia.
(Locate Macedonia.)
2. At Philippi.
 - (a) Lydia converted.
 - (b) Evil spirit cast from a damsel.

V. Conversion of the Jailer.

1. The brethren cast into prison.
2. The prison shaken and gates opened.
3. The effect on the jailor.
4. The conversion.
 - (a) The gospel taught.
 - (b) The baptism.

VI. Released by the Magistrates.

1. Paul's dignity.
2. The magistrates' fear.

General Truth: The true energetic preacher of righteousness is entitled to divine direction and protection; and fertile seeds of the gospel are sown as much by the incidents of his life as by the words that he preaches.

NOTE.

"In the passage of Paul from Asia to Europe a great Providential decision was taking effect, of which, as children of the west, we can not think without the profoundest thankfulness. Christianity arose in Asia, and among an Oriental people; and it might have been expected to spread first among those races to which the Jews were most akin. Instead of coming west it might have gone eastward. * * * Had it done so, missionaries from India and Japan might have been coming to England at the present day to tell the story of the Cross. But Providence conferred upon Europe a blessed priority, and the fate of our continent was decided when Paul crossed the Aegean."—"Life of Paul," Stalker.

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

Lesson 7. John and His Preaching.

(For March 10, 1912.)

Text: Luke 1:3. Matt. 3:1-6.
Reference: Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," 11 and 12.
Time: Shortly before the birth of Christ.

- I. John's Birth.
 - (1) Circumstances.
 - (2) The naming.
 - (3) Mission foretold.
- II. John's Early Life.
 - (1) His preparation.
- III. John's Mission.
 - (1) To preach repentance.
 - (2) To baptize by water.
 - (3) To prepare for Christ's ministry.
 - (4) How received.

Suggestive Aim: Repentance is essential to salvation.

Memory Gem: "Repent ye for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

I. Picture the home life of Elizabeth and John, their loneliness and the desire of their hearts; Zacharias' work in the temple. Before the birth of our Savior, before the shepherds sang their song of joy, an angel appeared to Zacharias one day while he was in the temple. Relate the conversation between Zacharias and tell how the angel's words were fulfilled and when the baby was named John that Zacharias' speech was restored and he praised God and prophesied.

Verse 76.

II. The angel had promised that John should be filled with the Holy Ghost, or the Spirit of God, from his birth. The Bible tells us that he grew and waxed strong in spirit, and as he

grew to manhood he wanted to prepare himself for the great work which our Heavenly Father had given him to do. He was a holier man than the people about him and he was saddened by their sins. He wanted to be alone that he might know the will of God and pray to Him continuously, so he left his home, and went into the wilderness, where he lived for we know not how many years.

Picture his life here, the loneliness, his food and clothing.

III. When the time was near for Jesus to leave Nazareth and begin His ministry, John left the wilderness, where he had lived alone, and began to preach to the people. The angel had said of him, "He shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." So John "came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins" and saying, "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

He told them that the Savior who had been promised for so long would come among them, and that if they would be ready to receive Him they must repent of their sins. He spoke with such earnestness and power that many believed. Then he told them that if they would be fully prepared for the Savior they must be baptized, and many "were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." But John said unto them, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Explain this verse:

What is meant by repentance?

What is necessary after repentance?

What did John mean when he said, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost?"

Pictures: The River Jordan and John the Baptist. Murillo. St. John and the Lamb.

Lesson 8. Baptism of Jesus.

(For March 17, 1912.)

Text: Matt. 3:5-17. Mark 1:1-12.

- I. John at the River Jordan.
 - (1) Baptizes the multitude.
 - (2) Condemns insincerity.
- H. Jesus comes to John.
 - (1) His request for baptism.
 - (2) John acknowledges Jesus's superiority.
- III. The Baptism.
 - (1) Its necessity.
 - (2) The mode.
- IV. God's approval.
 - (1) The Holy Ghost in the sign of a dove, descending upon Jesus.
 - (2) By His voice from heaven.

Suggestive Aim: Baptism is essential to salvation.

Memory Gem: Matt. 3:16-17 or 15.

I. Many people were baptized by John in the River Jordan. But some of the people who came and asked for baptism had not really repented of their sins, and by the Spirit of God John knew this. So he said unto them, "Bring forth fruits meet for repentance." Show by your actions that you have repented, and do not think that because you have descended from Abraham that you will be saved. You must do what is right yourselves.

II. One day when John was preaching to a crowd of people on the banks of the River Jordan a stranger came to John and asked to be baptized. By the power of the Holy Spirit John knew this stranger to be Jesus, the Son of God. He knew that Jesus was without sin, and he did not feel that he was worthy to baptize Him.

Jesus was a man now. He had just left His home in Nazareth and was ready to begin His ministry, but before doing so, He came to John for baptism.

III. Relate the conversation. Tell how Jesus was baptized. (Verses 16-19.)

IV. Jesus, after His baptism, went from the Jordan into the wilderness where He could be alone to pray to His Heavenly Father before beginning His great work.

"He went up straightway out of the water." What does this tell us about the mode of baptism?

At what age are children baptized?

After you are baptized what must be done to make you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

How will the Holy Ghost help you?

How must we live in order to keep the Holy Ghost, or the Spirit of God?

Lesson 9. The Cleansing of the Temple.

(For March 24, 1912.)

Text: John 2:12-25.

Introduction: Home, places of worship, temples.

I. The Temple.

- (1) Its beauty.
- (2) Its uses.
- (3) To whom it belonged.

II. Journey to Jerusalem.

- (1) Caravan.
- (2) Jesus' thoughts.
- (3) Jesus visits the Temple.

III. Desecration of the Temple.

- (1) Love of money, sacredness forgotten.
- (2) Jesus' indignation.

Suggestive Aim: We should reverence our houses of worship.

Begin this lesson with a talk about the home life, with father and mother at the head. Show that each has his place in the home and ought to add to its happiness. Get the children to tell what they can do. From the home lead to the houses of worship, then to the temples. Speak of houses of worship and temples as houses of the Lord. Speak of right conduct in these places.

I. Describe the beauties of the temple at Jerusalem, situated upon the hill top, with its many terraces and its beautiful white pillars. It was called the House of God.

II. When Jesus came from the

wilderness where He had spent many days in fasting and prayer, He returned to Galilee near the home of His childhood. As He journeyed, Peter, James and John, and other men, who afterwards became His apostles, joined Him and went with Him.

When the time for the feast of the Passover drew near, Jesus joined the caravan of pilgrims going to Jerusalem. Review details of journey given in lesson six. As He journeyed thither He no doubt recalled that first visit to Jerusalem. Then He was going to the temple as a learner, now He was going to the Temple as the Great Teacher. And so with His thoughts upon His great mission, He came to the House of God.

III. Around the grounds of the temple was a high wall. Within this wall was the court of the temple. As Jesus passed through the gate a scene of noise and confusion met His eyes. He saw oxen, sheep, cages filled with doves, tables piled with money. The men were offering their wares for sale and the noise filled the court.

The animals were offered as sacrifices in the temple, and the people coming from different countries wished to change their money for the Jewish money. But these people had forgotten the sacredness of the temple, and were within the court of the temple which should have been held as sacred as the temple itself.

Verses 15-16. Memorize 16.

Picture: Hoffman, "Casting Out the Money Changers." Contrast Jesus' expression with that of the others.

Why was Jesus angry?

How do we show reverence?

Have you ever been in the House of God?

If you have reverence for that house what will you do there?

Fast Day Lesson for April.

As children are in the Primary department when they reach the age for baptism, it behooves teachers in this

department to teach the child the necessity for baptism; not only that, but to impress him so strongly with the desire to be baptized that after his eighth birthday he will not rest until the ordinance is performed. If the teacher has a small class she can often get in close enough touch with her pupils to know when the birthday comes and if the child is baptized. Her personal interest will have a good effect, especially where parents are negligent.

Time: Before the Church was organized.

Place: Harmony, Pennsylvania.

Reference: "Latter-day Prophet," chapter 8.

I. The Passage on Baptism.

- (1) Joseph and Oliver translating.
- (2) The passage.
- (3) The prayer.

II. John the Baptist.

- (2) Ordained them to the priesthood.
- (2) Directed them to baptize each other.

III. The Ordinance.

- (1) The river.
- (2) Performing the ordinance.

IV. Parallel.

- (1) Past and present.

V. Age for Baptism of Children.

Memory Gem: John 3:5. "Except a man," etc.

Aim: Baptism is essential to salvation.

I. When Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were translating the Book of Mormon they came to a passage which said that it is necessary to be baptized in order that a person's sins may be washed away and forgiven. Neither Joseph nor Oliver had been forgiven of past sins by baptism, and after talking over the matter earnestly, on the fifteenth of May, 1829, they went into the woods to pray for light.

II. While they were kneeling a

voice from the midst of heaven bade them have peace, then the veil parted and John the Baptist came down before them. This is the same brave prophet who preached repentance and baptism and the coming of the Savior in the wilderness of Judea, and baptized Him in Jordan. He calmed them with his gentle yet thrilling voice and he laid his hands upon their heads and ordained them to the Aaronic priesthood, which gave them authority to baptize. He then directed Joseph to baptize Oliver and Oliver to baptize Joseph.

III. There was a river nearby and Joseph and Oliver went into it together, prepared to perform the sacred ordinance. Joseph seriously spoke the simple words of the ordinance and then laid Oliver beneath the water. As he drew him up, suddenly the spirit of prophecy came upon Oliver. He was filled with joy and foretold glorious things that were about to come to pass. Oliver then baptized Joseph, and the Holy Spirit fell in like manner upon him. He prophesied concerning the rise of the Church and of its progress, and declared many things that were to happen in that generation. From this time on, the minds of the young men were enlightened and they understood things that had been mysterious before.

IV. So John the Baptist, who baptized Jesus in the river Jordan so long ago, came to the earth in our day to tell us how to perform this holy ordinance. Jesus came up out of the water when He was baptized, and so when we are baptized we are buried in the water and come up out of the water. The one who baptizes must have authority from God to perform the ordinance.

V. Joseph Smith enquired of the Lord concerning the baptism of children, and our Heavenly said that when a boy or girl is eight years old he must be baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, chairman, assisted by Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.

OUTLINES FOR MARCH.

1—Picture Day.

Aim: Those of February.

2—The Last Supper. Text: Matt. 26:17-30; John 13:1-17.

Aim: By partaking of the sacrament worthily we express a desire to remember Christ, and a willingness to keep His commandments.

3—The Raising of Lazarus. Text: John 11:1-46.

Aim: "There is no death: what seems so is transition."

4—The Raising of Jairus's Daughter. Text: Matt. 9:23-25; Mark 5:22-24; 35-43.

Aim: The same.

5—The Death of Jesus. Text: Matt. 27:24-66; Mark 15:15-47; Luke 23:24-56; John 19:16-42.

Aim: True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others.

OUTLINES FOR APRIL.

1—Picture Day.

Aim: Those of March.

2—The Resurrection of Christ. Text: Matt. 28.

Aim: "There is no death, what seems so is transition."

3—The Prodigal Son. Text: Luke 15:11-32.

Aim: To be selected.

4—The Good Shepherd. Text: Luke 15:3-7.

Aim: To be selected.

The lessons for this month are among the best of the year, and yet they are perhaps the hardest to prepare and give successfully. Each one requires careful sympathetic reading and thoughtful, prayerful preparation. The lessons have each been printed in the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* of last year and the year before, but for the convenience of the older teachers and the helpfulness of newer ones, the most difficult of them—the Death of Christ—is reprinted below. We trust the stake supervisors will offer to the local teachers such help as they feel is most needed in outlining and preparing the remaining lessons of the month.

*Songs. "The Alder by the River"—
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 45, p. 129.
"At Easter Time"—in "Songs and
Games for Little Ones," by Walker
and Jenks. The latter can be easily
and impressively dramatized.*

Memory Gems.

"The roots and plantlets under ground,
Are glad to hear the patt'ring sound
Of raindrops when they softly sing,—
'Wake up, wake up, 'tis spring, 'tis
spring.'"

"When the little stars peep out one by
one,

And I look far up and away,
How beautiful to be able to whisper to
God,

"I have made some one happy to-day."

Rest Exercise.

The following exercise correlates well with the nature work of the season and the spiritual thought behind it.

"In my little garden bed,
(Put tips of fingers together so that
the two hands will make a square.)
Raked so nicely over,
(Spread fingers and imitate rake.)
First the tiny seeds I sow,
(Move hands as if dropping seeds.)
Then with soft earth cover,
(Move hands back and forth on lap.)

Shining down, the great round sun
Encircle heads with arms.)

Smiles upon it often;
Little raindrops pattering down
(Drum on floor with fingers.)
Help the seeds to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!
Down the roots go creeping.
(Point fingers downward.)
Up it lifts its tiny head,
Through the brown mold peeping.
(Raise thumb up at right angles to
fingers.)

Higher and higher still it grows
Through the summer hours,
(Form circle with thumb and pointer
of left hand and push thumb of other
hand vertically through it.)

Till some happy day the buds
Open into flowers.

(Make a bell shape by putting two
hands together, palms facing each other,
and fingers spreading apart.)

FIRST SUNDAY—PICTURE DAY.

On this day get back from the children the things you have given them in February. Do you succeed in this? You are good teachers. Not only the two lessons from the Life of Christ—His blessing little children, and the widow's mite—but also the subject of Humane Day afford both ample pictures and material for review.

.SECOND SUNDAY—THE LAST SUPPER.

See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 45, p. 79, ff for lesson, application, and illustration.

THIRD SUNDAY—THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 46, p. 100, ff for lesson, application and illustration.

FOURTH SUNDAY—THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 46, p. 100, for lesson, and application; and Vol. 45, p. 132 and p. 134, for illustrations, the "Lily Bulb" and "The Caterpillar and the Butterfly," respectively.

FIFTH SUNDAY—THE DEATH OF JESUS.

[This lesson presents the double difficulty of repressing the horrifying side of the last agony, and of impressing a spiritual truth. Sister Marion A. Belnap Kerr has succeeded well in giving this lesson, so we are again grateful to her for her help in the work which follows. We suggest that teachers refer to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 45, p. 129 ff, and Vol. 46, p. 157 ff, compare these two lessons and notice the way in which the subject has grown and developed in Sister Kerr's second handling of the theme, which is presented in full below.]

Subject—The Death of Jesus. Text: Matt. 27:24-66; Mark 15:15-47; Luke 23:24-56; John 19:16-42; JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 128.

Aim—True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others.

Among all the four and five year old children whom I have questioned concerning the death of Jesus, I have not been successful yet in finding one who knew the beautiful side to the story of "The Death of Christ"—that of losing self for the good of others. On the other hand, without exception, every one who knew about it at all, and the majority did, knew the horrifying side. This has convinced me absolutely that it should be given in the Kindergarten Department of the Sunday School and in giving it, the beautiful side should be emphasized. What greater thing has ever happened in this world, and what story is there that is more beautiful than the "Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ?"

It would be splendid to have a picture to impress this lesson, if a good one could be obtained. But if one which emphasizes the suffering is all that is obtainable, then let the child make his own mental picture. I have seen one with the crosses in the rear of the picture outlined in dark colors

against a lighter background. Then in the foreground of the picture were the figures of the mother of Jesus and several of the apostles.

Today, I have brought a little cradle to Kindergarten with me, and I wonder who can guess whose cradle it is. No, it is not a baby's cradle nor a doll's cradle. It is quite different from either of these, and the one who owns it is asleep in it. I have carried this cradle all the way to Kindergarten and the little sleeper hasn't awokened. If we sing one of our songs or talk loudly to it, it will not awaken today. But some day it is going to awaken. See, here it is—(show it to the children). Do you know who the little sleeper is? Yes, it is a caterpillar. It became so tired and sleepy that it made this cradle and fastened it on this branch, and then went sound asleep. It has been asleep for many nights and many days, so it is a different kind of a sleep from that we take each night, isn't it? And when this little sleeper awakes what do you suppose it will look like? Not like a caterpillar, for it will have beautifully colored wings, and will fly around among the flowers. Maybe the wings will be yellow, maybe brown or blue, or maybe they will be spotted. Yes, it will be a beautiful butterfly. Which do you think is the prettier, a caterpillar or a butterfly? I think that, too, so it is a good thing for the caterpillar to go to sleep, isn't it? I know a story about some one who took a sleep for more than one night, to. Would you like me to tell you this story?

There was once, a very long time ago when we were all up in heaven, a man named Adam, and a woman named Eve. These people did something very wrong that the Heavenly Father had told them not to do. So the Heavenly Father said, that because they had done this, their spirits could not go to Heaven after the death of their bodies. (The children should understand what our spirit is from pre-

ceding lessons.) He meant, too, that none of our spirits, nor our mamma's, nor our papa's spirits, could go to Heaven either when we died. Just think of it!

Jesus was up in Heaven, too, when God said this, and He felt very sorry about it, because He loved all the mamma's and the papa's and the children who were up there. So he told the Heavenly Father that He would be glad to come down from Heaven and have aches and pains and bruises and even die on a cross if the Heavenly Father would only let the people's spirits come to Heaven after the death of their bodies. The Heavenly Father thought about it and then told Jesus that it would be all right for Him to come down to this earth, and die for the other people, and then when He had done this, the people's spirits could come back to Heaven again.

So God sent Jesus down to Mary and she took care of Him, until He grew to be a man. See (calling their attention to the pictures on the wall) here is the manger, where He was born, and Mary, his mother, and Joseph. Here is the picture of them going away from that naughty king. This is the carpenter shop. What is Jesus doing among all these wise men? Then, when he grew to be a man, what was it He did for the children. Yes, some are sitting on His lap. What is He doing here? Why, of course, He is praying to God to let this man's spirit come back to His body again, because His sisters feel sad. Didn't He do many kind things for people though?

And then, what do you suppose happened? Why, some wicked men came and put Him in jail and whipped Him, and wanted Him hung on a cross, and He hadn't done anything wrong, at all. A cross is two boards nailed this way (show by placing one finger at right angles with another—or by the picture of a plain cross.) In those days, when anyone had done something very, very wrong, He was pun-

ished by being hung on one of these crosses, until He died. These wicked men tried to make everybody believe that Jesus had done something very wrong, so He was taken up on a hill with two truly wicked men who had stolen things from people.

And then, when they had put Him on the cross and His hands and feet were hurting Him, He tried His best not to think about Himself at all. He just prayed to God to forgive those wicked men for putting Him there. After a while a good man named John whom Jesus loved, and Jesus's own mother came to the cross. Jesus forgot about Himself again, and told John to take good care of His mother for Him. And that wasn't all, but He even tried to make one of those wicked men who was hanging on the cross beside Him, feel better, too, and this wicked man truly deserved to be punished.

Jesus was put on this cross a little while after dinner time and He was still there when it was almost time for the sun to go to sleep. All this while, some bad soldiers were standing around laughing at Him, and saying cross things to Him. And do you know, if Jesus had prayed to God for some angels to come and help Him, God would have sent them right straight down to take Jesus away from these wicked men. But even though His whole body was hurting Him, Jesus wanted to stay right there, because He loved all the children. He knew if He could just stand these aches for a while longer, then the Heavenly Father would let all the people's spirits come back up to Heaven again after their bodies died. Wasn't Jesus brave though, and didn't He do a great deal for us? And do you know the other day, I heard a little girl cry because she had been wheeling the baby's buggy back and forth until her arms and legs ached a tiny bit. Her mamma was busy cooking a good dinner for them, and she wanted the little girl to stop playing with her blocks

and wheel the baby back and forth across the dining room, but she thought it made her arms ache so, that she couldn't forget about it. What do you think about that! I suppose your arm will ache, too, tomorrow, when you wheel the baby back and forth a long time. How about it, Johnnie? (Undoubtedly the children will give some instances where they have helped someone.) If your arm ever should happen to ache a little, what do you think would be best to do?

When it was almost time for the sun to go to sleep on that same day that Jesus was put on the cross, some soldiers came to look at Jesus and the other men who were on the crosses. They found that Jesus was dead, so they took His body from the cross, and some of Jesus's friends took care of it.

One man, named Joseph, had a very nice grave that he was saving for himself, but now when he found that Jesus was dead he wanted to put Jesus's body in it. The graves or tombs which the people were buried in then were not quite like our graves. This one was an opening in the side of a little hill which was in a beautiful garden. For the door to this tomb, there was a large flat rock which was quite heavy. So the people who loved Jesus wrapped His body in some clean cloth, put it in the tomb, and sprinkled all around it some spices which smelled very nice. Then they closed the big door, which was made of stone. In a moment or two, they went away and left to sleep peacefully that dear Jesus who died for us.

(This story can be told in eight or ten minutes.)

Illustration—"The Sunbeams."

THE SUNBEAMS.

One morning I was awakened by a soft hand passing over my face, and a sweet voice said to me, "Awake, the king is ready to start."

"Where is he going?" I asked, in astonishment.

"To the earth, of course."

"Where are we now?" I asked.

"Get up and see for yourself," the voice answered.

I opened my eyes, and as I did so I beheld a little, filmy thing, with bright eyes, peeping at me roguishly. I thought of the evening before, when I sat in the garden among the flowers and watched the sun setting in clouds of crimson and gold, and finally sinking to rest behind the purple hills.

The brilliant colors slowly faded to a delicate pink, streaked with gold from the last rays of the sun, and at last turned to a fleecy white. As I watched this lovely picture, I wished that I were a sunbeam. Imagine my surprise and joy at finding my wish granted, and that I was indeed a sunbeam.

The dress they gave me was a gauzy, golden affair, like the one my companion wore. When I was dressed, breakfast was ready, and what do you think it consisted of? It was delicious honey, gathered from the honeysuckles and from the largest and reddest roses. Our drink was nectar from the white chalice of the lily.

After breakfast, we were called into the king's presence. We found all his family assembled, and the king assigned to each his labor for the day. My mission took me to the home of a little child who had been sick for many months. And it made a thrill of pity go through me to see him hold up his thin, white hands into my warm rays. I kissed his thin face till a faint smile played over his wan features, and he said to his mother, "O! mamma, see this beautiful sunbeam. Let me catch it and keep it."

The afternoon called me to where an old, crippled woman had been carried by her devoted son to a little porch at the back of her house, to enjoy the last rays of the setting sun. I kissed her pale face and rested lovingly upon her silvery hair.

The evening advanced and our father, having made his trip from east to west, called us home to hear the re-

port of our labors. I was first called to make my report. I told him what I have told you, and received a smile of approbation. My companion then told what he had done. He had gone to an orchard and had by his warm kisses caused the downy cheek of the peaches to blush a vivid crimson. He said he had been cheered at his work by the song of a bumblebee as he pierced a hole in a ripe peach, and sipped the sweet juice.

One of our beautiful sisters had visited a hospital, and had danced in and out among the long rows of white beds, each containing a poor sufferer whom she cheered with her bright presence, and brought to them memories of the green woods and fair fields outside.

A golden-haired brother, intent on doing good rather than seeking his own pleasure, had made his way to a prison. He drove away the gloom from the dismal cells and brought a thought of God and of His mercy to some of the inmates. Another sunbeam sought out a violet, half hidden by her green leaves, and coaxed her to lift her modest head that the other plants and passers-by might enjoy her beauty, and breathe her sweet perfume.

One tender-hearted beam sought a battlefield, and shone with love and pity on the upturned faces of the dead and wounded soldiers.

Just at that moment, when my heart was filled with sorrow at the sad story she was telling, I felt myself being roughly shaken, and heard my brother say, "Are you going to sit out here all night and catch your death of cold?"

It was some moments before I could realize that I was a flesh and blood girl, and not a sunbeam; and when I did, it was with a feeling of regret. But when I reflected upon it, I concluded that, though I were only a little girl, if I wanted everyone to love me I must forget about myself sometimes, and try to do some good every day and make some heart happier, and some life brighter by my kind deeds.

Humane Day Stories for Old and Young.

Mary's Costly Clothes.

Mary had a little lamb—
 'Twas Persian—on her coat;
 She also had a mink or two
 About her dainty throat;
 A bird of paradise, a tern,
 And ermine made the hat
 That perched at jaunty angle
 On her coiffure largely rat;
 Her tiny boots were sable topped,
 Her gloves were muskrat too;
 Her muff had head and tails of half
 The "critters" in the zoo;
 And when she walked abroad I ween
 She feared no wintry wind;
 At keeping warm 'twas plain to see
 She had all nature "skinned."

Dog Saved Child's Life.

A mongrel dog saved the life of three-year-old Jennie Schwartz, of Patchogue, N. Y., recently, at the sacrifice of his own. The child was playing in the road in front of the residence of her parents and the dog, belonging to a neighbor, was watching her. Suddenly a big automobile came tearing down the street at high speed. The chauffeur evidently did not see the girl playing in the road, but the dog was watching his little playmate and, observing the imminent danger to the child, he dashed to the rescue.

He shoved her with his nose out of the track of the on-coming car just in time to save her life, but not his own, for a heavy wheel of the machine passed over his body and he died a hero.

His Faithful Horse.

One Sunday morning an aged man was leading an old horse across the commons of the city, and out towards the suburbs, when a passer-by asked him where he was going.

"I am looking for a little green grass and some fresh water for the old fel'-ow here," he answered, stroking his companion gently on the neck.

"I would send him to the boneyard or the glue factory, if I were you," said the stranger with a sneer.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice; "if he had been the best friend you had in the world, and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that are gone, and the children who are living, had played with their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he has carried us to mill and to meeting, and please God, he shall die like an honorable old horse, and I will bury him with these hands of mine, if he goes first. Nobody shall ever abuse old Bill, and if I go before him, there are those who are paid to care for him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had spoken first. "I cannot blame you for not wanting to part with the faithful old animal."

And the two, who had toiled long years and grown old together, resumed their journey.

Saved by Cats.

A merchant who once resided at Messina had two favorite cats, and their manner previous to an earthquake saved his life. Before the shock occurred, these animals were anxiously endeavoring to work their way through the floor. Their master, observing their fruitless labors opened the door for them. At a second and third floor they repeated their efforts; and on being set completeiy at liberty they ran straight along the street and out of the gate of the town.

The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed the animals out of the town into the fields, and there saw them scratching, and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses

in the city, of which the merchant's was one, fell down, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of these animals.

Queer Brushes and Combs.

How animals make their toilets and keep themselves neat and tidy is an interesting study. Most of them are by nature cleanly and each has its own peculiar way of keeping so.

The cat carries her clothes-brush in her mouth, for with her rough tongue she cleanses her glossy coat as a boy brushes off his clothes. She licks one of her front paws and rubs it over her face, and she is ready for her breakfast.

Foxes, dogs, and wolves do not use their mouths when they need to wash and brush, but scratch themselves vigorously with their hind paws, and are as fresh as ever.

The cow, with her long, rough tongue, combs her coat of hair until it is clean and curly. The horse, more than any other animal, depends on his owner to keep his coat in proper condition, but often he will roll on the green grass or rub himself down against a tree or fence.

Field mice comb their hair with their hind legs, and the fur-seal in a similar manner spends as much time as a woman in making herself look smart.

Although the elephant appears to be thick-skinned and callous, he takes great care of his skin. He often gives himself a shower bath by drawing water into his long trunk and blowing it on the different parts of his body. After the bath he sometimes rolls himself in a toilet preparation of dust to keep off the flies.

The Boy and his Dog.

Next to his mother the thing in this world the small boy loves best is his dog. The homelier the animal is, the more unattractive he appears to other eyes, the fonder the boy is of him. And

his affection is more than equalled by the devotion of the dog.

It is a theory of some of the psychic researchers that transference of thought, or telepathy, is a survival of a power the human mind had of communicating with another before speech was born. If this is true, the power is clear and strong between the boy and his dog. They understand each other perfectly. They need no man language or dog language. The two are always in complete rapport.

We read the other day of a little fellow who ran away to escape a whipping and was drowned in a slough. It was the boy's dog which discovered his master's bedraggled little cap and pointed out to the rescuers where to find the body. Such happenings are not infrequent, but they are always pathetic. What must be the depths of the dog's feelings when such a calamity comes into his life; and it must be all the more profound because he cannot give expression to it. The dog can express his joy, his love and his devotion. He can express them buoyantly, abundantly with every bit of his body to the very tip of his tail. But grief he can only show by a quiet look from sad and mournful eyes, too full for tears. One other way he has and it is not uncommon. Often on a newly marked grave the body of a dog is found. He has given expression to his feeling in the only way left to him —by dying.—Evansville, Indiana *Courier*.

Priceless Jip.

All night long the folks on the farm
Had searched for the little child
Who had strayed the afternoon before,
And the mother's grief was wild.
Neighbors in vain searched wood and
dell,
The roads, barns, haystacks, even the
well.

The peddler's wagon was brilliant red,
And yellow its four wheels glowed,
It was hung with brooms and shiny tins,
And rag sacks were its load,
Drawn by gray horses at easy jog,
While under it trotted a little brown dog.

"Whoa!" cried the peddler, "What's wrong here?"

The mother wept as her arms she tossed.

The neighbors answered, "She thinks he's dead—

Her two years old little boy is lost." "Get me his shoes," said the peddler man. "You cannot find him. Here's one who can."

"Come here, Jip! Smell these shoes and see

If you can find him. I'll bet he can!" Jip smeller the shoes, then nosed the ground.

Then out the gate to the meadow ran, And after the dog the peddler flew. And after him neighbors and mother too.

Jip's sharp nose to the trail he kept, Up hill, down hollow where grass was deep,

He knew by the scent where the feet had led, And barked when he found him,—fast asleep,

Tear-stained, hungry and frightened, too, At the barking and shouting, and hullabaloo.

Baby close in glad arms was clasped, Fed and kissed, while his mother smiled.

"A hundred dollars," the father said, "I'll give for the dog that found my child!"

The peddler patted the little brown head. "Money won't buy little Jip," he said.

—Mary Bailey, in "Our Dumb Animals."

A Dog Newsboy.

A shepherd collie delivering newspapers with clock-work regularity and performing many other business-like acts, is a familiar sight upon the streets of Rockville Centre, Long Island. "Spott," in company with his young master, covers a large territory and so accurate, courteous and dependable is this pair of hustling newsdealers that patronage may be said to increase by leaps and bounds.

Early every morning the boy and dog start out with a big bundle of papers. Sometimes the boy rides a bicycle, but generally the rounds are made on foot. The dog takes the papers as they are handed to him and knows just where each is to go. Trot-

ting through gates and often jumping fences to make short cuts he deposits the papers carefully upon the doorsteps and hurries back for more work. He has also learned to meet the train that brings the papers and to pick out the packages addressed to his master and carry them to the store a block and a half away. Spot thoroughly understands the business and so capable has he become that it would now be impossible for his master to do all the work without his assistance.

In the afternoon Spot mingles with the boys and especially enjoys the game of baseball. He chases fouls, guards the boys' coats, and always insists on fair play.

Buying Back Sadie.

"It's Sadie!" shrieked the children. "Oh, papa, it's Sadie!"

Attached to a heavy wagon, scarred and battered, and with high bones projecting about the hips, a yellowish horse, blind in one eye, a swelling on one pastern and a pronounced limp in a forefoot, wearily plodded along the street.

"Oh, papa, it's Sadie!"

The man took one look and saw that it was Sadie, once the pet of the children, sold because of growing infirmities and increasing age.

"Oh, papa!" There was that in three young voices that made the father think swiftly. He remembered how the children had wept when Sadie had gone and how he had hardened his heart because the old horse was so utterly worthless and such an eyesore.

"Don't she look ba—ad?" the little boy asked in an awed voice. The two little girls broke into muffled sobs. The father could stand no more. He signaled to the driver, who pulled up the old mare at the curb.

The children fell upon the rickety beast and the driver saw it.

"What value do you place on that horse?" the father asked, briefly. The

driver stared at him and winked openly.

"She's worth a hundred dollars to me," he said; "my wife's that attached to her." The father turned away, the children followed silently in view of the look on his face. He had sold Sadie for fifteen dollars and had been glad to get it. The driver, alarmed, called after him.

"Say, mister!" he shouted, "maybe we can trade. What'll you give me for her?"

The father turned. "I owned that horse once," he said in a tone that made the driver gasp, he had looked so mild. "I sold her for fifteen dollars, and she was worth ten. I'll give you twenty-five dollars for her, spot cash. Take it or leave it."

"That goes," said the driver, clambering down. "Lemme see your money." Then he signed a receipt the father scribbled on a leaf of his note-book, threw the patched harness into the wagon and disappeared.

"Oh, papa! Oh, papa!" said the children.

And, hearing, the father figured that this alone was worth the difference of ten dollars.

Training Seals is Easy.

According to an old trainer, it is a very simple trick to teach seals the tricks they do in the ring.

"The cardinal principle in training animals," says he, "is not to attempt to make an animal do anything contrary to the nature of its particular species. To be successful a trainer must know enough about the habits of the animals he has under training to fit the tricks he would teach them to their natural bent.

"The seal is very easily taught. You begin with one seal, some small pieces of fish and a string. You let the seal sit on his pedestal, something he likes to do by nature; then you throw him one of the pieces of fish, and he naturally and easily catches it. Next you tie a piece of fish on the end of

your string and swing it toward the seal; he catches this, too, and you keep moving away from him and swinging the fish to him from an increasing distance. Now you are ready to begin with the hat or cornucopia. You put a piece of fish in the bottom of it and toss it to the seal. The seal is dexterous by nature and his nose quickly detecting the fish in the tip of the cone seeks it out. The cone catches on his snout and he bites out the fish and tosses the cone aside. Before long he comes to associate the cone with fish and he will catch any number of similar ones and toss them aside when he fails to find what he wants.

"Balancing the big rubber ball is based on the same principle. The ball is soaked in fishy brine and thrown to the seal. He gets the odor and tries his best to get into the ball and find what he is after. This results in his balancing the ball on his nose, a feat to which his supple neck and his natural feeding habits are all adapted and then he gets his piece of fish as a prize.

The O'd Horse.

The old, old horse fell slowly to the street—

No plunging drop, no sudden slip and fall,

No wild attempt to stop its sliding feet,
But just a patient sinking, that was all.
An old, old horse—a bony, toil-worn
beast

That had no soul, that had no hopeful
dreams,
That knew not when the light of life
had ceased

To lure it on with ever sickle gleams,
A common brute—yet one day it had
played

Across the pasture lands with grace-
ful stride,
Or some proud master's word it had
obeyed

While nervous ripples shook its glossy
hide,
Too fine a head it had for us to think

That it had always plodded alley ways
And fed on curses with its food and
drink,

And never heard a word of cheer or
praise.

And even brutal blows and starving years
 Had failed to break the curving of its neck
 Or rob the thoroughbred poise of its ears—
 Life had not yet made of it all a wreck.
 But now it fell all slowly to the street
 And never once attempted more to rise;
 Its heart gave up in one last broken beat,
 Death's mercy drew the veil upon its eyes.
 Dead in the harness—and the heedless crowd
 Went on; the city's noise discordant rose;
 But nevermore should it hear curses loud
 Or flinch beneath repeated cutting blows.
 'Twas nothing much—a horse died; that was all;
 A worn-out horse, worked down to bone and skin—
 Yet sometimes men as well, worn out, will fall
 With no more living spirit left within.
 They, too, fall in the harness; and we pass
 Unheeding through the hurried, crowded ways;
 'Tis but one less in all the toiling mass
 That keeps the world a-whirl throughout our days.
 And pity is so brief—and comes so late!
 There is so much that lures us on ahead.
 We have no time to sense the other's fate—
 Dead in the harness; just another dead.
 —Chicago Post.

Time in the Animal World.

One of the chief elements in the life of man on earth is the idea of time—the beginning and the ending of events. Now, is it possible that this same law holds throughout the sensate life? If it does, it is reasonable to suppose that the idea of the length of periods of time, in a particular animal, is proportionate to the length of life to which members of that species usually attain. That is, one hour, to an animal whose ordinary life is sixty hours, would seem as long as one year to an organism whose usual existence is sixty years.

Some insects live but a day, some but an hour, and possibly the life-span

of some extends over but a minute of time. Then it is probable that there are organisms so tiny, or whose earth-careers are so quickly closed, that the eye of science has not discovered them.

What long days and nights, what variety of seasons, what periods of pleasure and pain, may, in effect, be included between the birth and death of these microscopic beings whose careers are begun and ended in what is to us so short a time!

Then there are the long-lived animals. Fishes live to be a hundred and fifty years old, elephants sometimes longer, and it is believed that the great mammals or species now extinct lived many centuries. Then it is possible that there are creatures whose true life-cycles have not yet been accurately measured by man. The passage of scripture to the effect that a thousand years in Thy sight are as but a day, etc., may have here an application that we know not of.

There are countless suggestions and possibilities in this theory. When we thoughtlessly tread out the life of an insect, thinking—if we give it any attention at all—that we kill it instantly, is it not possible that the animal, to whom a minute of our time may be as a year in its own, languishes in continued pain?

There are many other worlds than ours, in the universe, and many other lives in this world; and who shall say that there may not be creatures that live out an entire existence, while we clumsy beings can wink an eye, and others to whom our four score years and ten would seem but a flash of time?

Science may reveal some of these things, and it may not; we may become conscious of them in some future state of the soul, and we may not; but those who have peered even just a little way beyond the gates of the things unknown to sight and touch, will never relinquish the idea that great things, wonderful things, are going on their own irresistible eternal way all about us.—*Will Carleton.*



CHILDREN'S SECTION



His Best Friend.

By Katie Grover.

Conrad was out on the front lawn playing with his dog, when the doctor came out of the house looking very grave.

"How is my papa?" asked Con, as the doctor stopped to admire and make friends with the great handsome St. Bernard Leo, who put up his big paw in a dignified manner and graciously consented to shake hands with the doctor.

"Your papa is very sick, Conrad. He must go to California at once. A remarkably fine large dog you have, my boy. If you should care to sell him, I'll buy him for my wife. Will you let him go?"

"Let Leo go? Sell him?" echoed Con, excitedly, "not much," throwing his arms protectingly around the dog's hairy neck. "Why, I'd just as soon think of selling the baby. Leo is my playmate, my very bestest friend."

"I'll give you two hundred dollars for him," the doctor went on coaxingly, "anytime you want to sell him. So if you ever need the money, just bring him round, and I'll make you out a check. Good-bye Leo, you and I must get better acquainted. You are a beauty."

"We don't like that doctor, do we, Leo," said Con in disgust, as the doctor drove away in his carriage. "Just as though any amount of money could coax me to part with you, old chum."

He ran indignantly to his mother, but forgot his own grievance when he burst in upon her and found her crying.

"Why—ee, mamma, is our papa so much worse?" he asked, anxiously, laying his grimy little hand caressing-

ly upon the sleeve of her clean white waist. He had never seen his mother give way to her feelings before, and it seemed almost as great a sorrow as his father's prolonged illness.

"Dear mamma, don't cry. Papa will soon be well."

"The doctor says he never can get well unless we take him to California," said his mother, wiping her eyes, and beginning to prepare the evening meal.

"Well, mamma, if that is all, why can't we start at once? We can easily get ready tomorrow. I can help you pack."

"My boy, we haven't the money. We need at least two hundred dollars more as I told the doctor. Your father is not willing to borrow it. But he must go. His life depends upon it. Why, Con, where are you going? I thought you were listening to me, and here you are running away."

"I'll be back in just a few minutes, mamma," said the boy as he rushed out, banging the door behind him. So many, many times since his papa's sickness he had been reminded to close all doors softly, but tonight in his excitement he again forgot.

Swiftly he ran out on the darkening lawn where Leo still stood, now contemplatively looking on at a pack of dogs in the road who were making the close of the beautiful spring day hideous with their yelps and barks as they ran hither and thither, biting one another's ears, and snarling and quarreling in a most disgraceful manner. The well-bred, dignified Leo often watched them in their rough sport, but never so far forgot himself as to make himself one with them. He turned now as Con came tearing toward him, and gave the boy an affectionate wag of the bushy tail.

"Oh, Leo, Leo, you can't guess what I am going to do with you! You'd never do such a thing, I know, but then you haven't any poor sick papa. I'll have to sell you 'cause we need the money. You are my best friend, and I'll miss you dreadfully. I'll be so lonesome. But never mind, old chum, someday I'll earn you back."

The big dog followed obediently and in less than five minutes Conrad was tremulously ringing the doctor's bell. The doctor himself came to the door, and smiled understandingly when he saw who his visitors were.

"Well, well," he said, looking pleased, "have you decided to let me have the dog?"

"Yes, take him," said Con hurriedly, his little face working convulsively in his brave effort to keep the tears back." You said papa couldn't get well unless we went to California, and we can't go 'less you take Leo, and give us the two hundred dollars you promised for him. But, doctor, you'll let me have him back sometime, won't you, if I can earn the two hundred for him?"

"Yes, yes, to be su .," said the doctor, patting the boy's head kindly. "You shall have him back someday, my boy. Now come in while I write the check." Leo will run ho e if you don't bring him inside."

When the doctor came back, Con was kneeling in front of the dog, his arms tightly clasping him, his face buried in the shaggy neck, while Leo whined and tried to lick the boy's face. Con sprang up hurriedly, as he heard the doctor coming, and held out one hand for the check, while with the other he desperately rubbed his eyes, and fighting back his sobs, made a bolt for the door.

His feet bore him swiftly home, but before entering the house, he stopped short, and pulling out his soiled little handkerchief, vigorously blew his nose, and rubbed his wet eyes. Then with hands in his pockets, he tried to slip into the house, unnoticed.

"Come, Conrad, we are waiting dinner for you," called his mother from the dining room. The boy went in and took his accustomed place, then with a brave effort he began a fierce onslaught on his well-filled plate. He somehow managed to swallow several mouthfuls, then choked up, painfully.

"What is the matter, Con? Why aren't you eating your soup?" his mother asked anxiously. "It is the kind you like so well, too."

"Oh, mamma, I can't, I have such a big lump here in my throat," putting his hand up pathetically. "I'm not hungry, I'm tired. I guess I'll go to bed."

"There must be something wrong for you to refuse your favorite soup. You are sure you aren't sick? Better feed Leo and go to bed. His dinner is in the kitchen."

"Oh, mamma, he—I—Oh, I'll tell you everything in the morning."

He got up hastily, and ran out of the room. Baby and mamma opened their eyes widely.

"Buddie no eat nice soup," said Baby, shaking her wee head solemnly, her spoon poised in the air. "Buddie ky. Poor boy."

"We will have to go and see what is the matter of him soon," said mamma with a worried air. "Baby eat her rice now while I go and see if papa needs anything."

Conrad crept into bed, a broken-hearted, sobbing little fellow. In his grief at parting with Leo, he had forgotten all about the crumpled check in his coat pocket.

Presently his mother came to him, and softly called his name.

"Conrad, dear, tell mamma what troubles you. Your head is so hot, and you have been crying, haven't you?"

"Mamma, I sold Leo tonight. The doctor paid me two hundred dollars for him. We can take papa to California now."

"You poor darling," she took him in her arms and kissed him. "How thoughtful and brave of you, dear Con."

It must have been dreadfully hard to part with him. Mamma knows how much you love him, but you love poor papa still more, don't you, dear?"

"The doctor says I can have him back some time. I'm going to hurry and earn the money right away. I am very lonely without him, mamma, but I'm happy to think I can do something for our sick papa."

Next day they began making preparations for their journey. Con was so busy helping mamma that he did not have time to fret much over Leo's absence. Twice during the day, however, he heard a loud prolonged howl, and recognized it as poor Leo's voice calling to him for release.

Con ran to the porch both times and called out hopefully:

"Never mind, Leo, it won't be long. Just be patient."

The next day they left for California; and the days and weeks slowly passed in which poor Leo tugged and gnawed at his iron chain, in his hopeless efforts to get back to his little master.

The doctor and his wife were very kind to the great lonely animal, and felt sorry, but dared not let him loose for fear he would run away. He met all their coaxing and petting with calm indifference, his intelligent human-like eyes always looking wistfully past them, his keen ears alert for sound of his little master's voice and step.

It was pitiful to see his devotion, his untiring patience and faith which never faltered during his long months of waiting. Then one day a change came over him. He was restless and impatient. He refused to eat and tugged frantically at his chain. The doctor's wife came out and endeavored to pacify him, but Leo paid no attention to her.

Suddenly he pricked up his ears, became tense in every muscle, paused breathlessly, his whole attitude one of eager expectancy. Then he sprang forward with a loud, glad bark, snapped his chain, and wildly, excited-

ly rushed into the arms of—his own little master.

"I've come home, Leo, I've come home," cried Con, his hungry little face suspiciously close to the dog's. "I'm back, old chum, and we're never going to be parted again. You've missed me just as much as I have you, haven't you, dear old fellow? Never mind, I'll take you home now."

"So you are back?" said the doctor, who had come upon them unawares, "and your papa is now well and strong, I hear. Poor Leo has missed you greatly. I think he knew you were coming today. He has been so uneasy, and frantic to get loose."

"Here is your two hundred dollars, doctor," said Con, handing him a fat leather purse. "It's all there, and now may I have Leo? The whole family is wild to see him."

"But my dear Con, where did you get all this money? I don't want it, my boy. Take it back. I always expected to let you have Leo back, and I don't want the money."

"You must take it, sir," said Con, decidedly, "I earned it, every cent myself, while I was gone. I worked on a fruit farm, and did other odd jobs. I enjoyed it 'cause I knew every dollar was bringing Leo back. So now, doctor, you take the money, and I'll take Leo. I want to feel that he truly belongs to me."

"You are a fine boy," said the doctor, holding out his hand, and giving Con a hearty grip, and well deserve to own the finest dog in the land. Yes, my boy, run home with him. I know they are all anxious to see him again."

Con's father was sitting out on the back lawn reading his newspaper. When smash went the paper, two heavy paws were planted on his shoulders, and a cold, damp nose pressed affectionately against his cheek.

"Leo, old fellow," he laughingly exclaimed, patting the broad back, "I'm glad to see you back. There, there, down Leo."

"It is just like one of the family

coming back," said mamma, as he bounded toward her next. "There, Leo, please don't eat me in your joy."

"Mamma, home is so lovely," said Con, "I hope none of us will ever have to leave it again."

"Me neever," said Baby, shaking her curly head emphatically, and while papa, mamma, and Leo did not echo the wish in so many words, each smiled a happy, happy smile."

Katy-Did.

By Maud Baggarley.

They called her Katy-did. But she usually didn't instead of did. For her mother was a widow and there was never more than enough money to purchase oat-meal and an occasional pair of shoes. "Such a pity to have to buy two shoes at a time," Katy used to say whimsically when her mother came home with the new ones. "Wouldn't it be nice to wear wooden shoes like the little folks in Holland," her mother would laugh.

For Katy was a cripple. A hunch-back, with a twisted leg and a withered foot and a smile like the benediction of God. A child of patience, and love, and joy. Her spirit dwelt on the mountain top in the blessed sunshine of heaven, though her little marred body crept haltingly through the valley of pain.

Today she lay on a couch near the window watching the fairy cloud-ships drift along the blue sea of sky above her.

"I wish that I could have a fairy god-mother like Cinderella," she said aloud. And the little fir-tree by her window nodded understandingly. "She would say to me 'Katy, make three wishes and they shall be granted you,' then I'd wish that mother might be happy and not have to work so hard; that Widow Benson's boy who was lost at sea might come home; and that I might give a Christmas party." "But today is Christmas day and—"

She was interrupted by a knock at the door which was opened from without,

and turned in time to see one of their neighbors, Mr. Roberts, lift a large hamper into the room and push it under a table near the door. "Hello, Katy-did," he called cheerily. "I believe there are new books and a ring and lots of pretty things in this for some body little and sweet with brown eyes and curly hair. Could you guess who?" he laughed, coming over and looking down at her.

"Perhaps it is I," she replied shyly, her eyes like stars, the color flaming in her thin cheeks.

"Right you are, the first guess," he returned promptly. "Never you mind, 'chicken,' he exclaimed, when she stammered her gratitude, "I have been thanked already, and the only thing I feel bad about when I look at you," he muttered, as he left the room, "is that you don't belong to me."

He had scarcely been gone a minute when busy Mrs. Carrington bustled in with a covered tray in her hands. "Well, girlie, all alone? Here's your favorite piece of turkey. I've turned his lordship over on his side so that no one will notice that he has but one leg." I must hurry back, too, for we are just ready to sit down to dinner," she added, setting the tray down and hurrying away.

Mrs. Carrington had hardly time enough to leave the room when in hurried kind Mrs. Bennion with a loaf of bread, a large mould of cranberry jelly, and a turkey's leg crisp and brown, on a plate, with brown gravy and dressing.

Nor was this the last turkey's leg that made its appearance.

One neighbor after another hastened in with her offering of Christmas cheer. And each brought a turkey's leg. Each hurried away without giving the embarrassed, and now almost hysterical, child a chance to explain.

Katy was kept busy hobbling back and forth to the kitchen until at length the last kind hearted neighbor had come and gone.

"Now I can give a party," exulted Katy.

Her mother arrived finally to find her little daughter radiant with happiness and hardly able to speak coherently when she attempted to tell of their good fortune.

"And now, mother, let's give a party," exclaimed the child eagerly.

"But I'm afraid that it is too late, dearie," gently remonstrated Mrs. Ross, dreading to see the brightness fade from the little flushed face. "Every one must be having dinner at this very moment."

"I meant a high-way and by-way party," returned Katy.

"Whatever do you mean, honey?" asked her mother, in bewilderment.

"Don't you remember, mother, what Jesus said about going out into the highways and byways?"

"Why, to be sure, my child. Who do you want to ask?"

"Well, there is Grandma Benson, who is old and deaf and nearly blind"—she counted on her fingers—"Uncle Ned, who used to give me candy when I was little, and—"

"But, child, he is not one of our race," objected her mother.

"Did Jesus mean that we were only to invite our own people?" asked the child, in astonishment. "And besides, Uncle Ned has no one to love him since Aunt Jane died. Do let's have him," pleaded Katy.

"Very well," returned her mother. "Who else?"

"Mr. Rodgers, John Tom Mack, and Mrs. Partineco."

"Mrs. Partineco!" cried Mrs. Ross, in consternation, "she is one of the best educated women in the state; has traveled all over the world; is rich; and a stranger besides. How could we ask her to meet an illiterate blind woman, the street-cleaner, the naughtiest boy in town, and a negro? But this is your party, hence you may ask whoever you like, and after all, if there is anything whatsoever in the Brotherhood of Man theory, you may be right. And they are all lonely—

rich and poor, alike, and Mrs. Partineco has just buried her only child, so do as you will, honey. I'll go to Mrs. Gordon's and 'phone."

Every invitation was joyfully accepted. Mrs. Partineco, who had shut herself up for a year in her beautiful, lonely home to brood rebelliously over the loss of her little girl, was the first to arrive. When she beheld the radiant face of little Katy, so near herself to the valley of shadows, and saw her bubbling over with joy because some friendless waifs were about to share her Christmas cheer, her own heart forgot "its sorrow and ache," and she murmured, "He who gives himself with his alms, feeds three, himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

Without a trace or feeling of patronage she entered into the spirit of the occasion.

Even Uncle Ned, to his own surprise, found himself pouring out the story of his loss and loneliness; while the man who helped to clean the streets she found, through conversation with him, was a linguist, a musician, and a graduate of a world-famous University. He had left his home in Germany for the Gospel's sake and was making a fresh beginning in a new country, handicapped by age, ill-health and new conditions of life. Unable to obtain a responsible position, having neither influence nor friends, he was forced finally to accept employment from the street cleaning department. The naughtiest boy in town, she learned through skillful questioning, had, one bitterly cold December day, while out duck hunting, risked his life for a companion who had been accidentally shot. He had crept under the lad who could not bear to be moved and for two hours had lain in the icy water and held the dying boy above it with his own body until help came.

Mrs. Benson, old and illiterate, had, in her youth, longed to be an artist but had sacrificed every desire and opportunity for self-improvement for the

sake of an invalid father and large family of motherless brothers and sisters whom she mothered and reared to honorable manhood and womanhood. Truly, thought Mrs. Partineco,

Scanning each living Temple for the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
the form of the God within.

While she conversed with, sang, and told stories to the guests, little Katy watched and listened and beamed upon them.

Each heart sang with joy. Each face shone with happiness.

Before she bade them farewell, Mrs. Partineco whispered a secret to Katy. Katy and her mother were to come and live in the big house. "For one sits in darkness where there is not the smile of a little child," she murmured, brokenly, as she stroked Katy's soft brown hair.

Mrs. Benson and Uncle Ned were to have pensions; Mr. Rodgers was to manage her estate; while John Tom should be sent to school.

"And so you see," whispered Mrs. Partineco, "an angel of the Lord must have been an unseen guest at the 'highway and byway' party of a humble little 'Katy-did.'"

For February 12th and 22nd.

Gone is Christmas merry,
And the year, still new,
Brings us February,
With its birthdays two.

Washington forever,
Bravest, truest, best!
Lincoln, wise and clever,
Hero e'en in jest.

If the things they fought for—
Freedom, peace, good will—
Were what all men sought for,
None would hurt or kill.

If, sometimes, they see us,
In these days of rush,
They may help to free us
From some pending crush.

Automobiles speeding,
Air-ships sailing high;
Some folks scarcely heeding
If they live or die.

Likely, last year's rumor—
"Roosevelt and Taft"—
Lincoln, in good humor,
Found a joke, and laughed.

Washington, more serious,
Shook his head in doubt,
"Matters look mysterious,
How will they turn out?"

Ah, we all may wonder,
At the world's wild trend!
War and strife and plunder—
What will be the end?

Scriptures are fulfilling,
Nations crying "Peace!"
Still their troops are drilling,
Still their wars increase.

Yet good days are ours,
Times we're living in,
Truth exerts its powers
And is sure to win.

Truth, O wondrous story!
Of our Nation read,
Once 'mid war clouds gory,
How her slaves were freed.

Read in former pages
Scenes at Valley Forge:
Honor through all ages,
Abraham and George.

Lincoln, kind and clever,
Aiding the oppressed;
Washington forever,
Of our great generals best!

L. L. Greene Richards.

Nuts to Crack.

In Winter there are nuts to crack,
Of every size and kind,
Hazelnuts and hickory,
And chestnuts you will find.
And if around the nursery fire
You sit and crack and eat,
And joke and spin a merry yarn,
'Tis happiness complete.

But there are other nuts to crack,
Quite different, you'll find,
From hazel nuts or hickory,
Or any other kind.

Geography, Arithmetic,
These nuts are hard indeed,
And Spelling is another nut,
And there's to write and read.

And History and Grammar, all
These nuts are good to eat:
Though hard to crack, you'll find in each
A kernel sound and sweet.
Indeed, a bag of nuts is hid
Behind each schoolroom door,
Be sure you've cracked them, every one,
Before you ask for more.

—Children's Magazine.

The Children's Budget Box.

God Made All Things.

God made the hills that rise
So very high and steep;
He made the lakes and sea
That are so broad and deep.

He made the birds that sing
So sweetly all the day.
He made the flowers that spring
So bright, so fresh, so gay.

Ella Silcock,

Age 11.

Rigby, Ida.



Harold Bennett,

Age 11.

Salt Lake City.

Be On Time.

Mrs. Murray was a very rich lady. She lived in a fine large stone house not far from the city. She had no children, but she had a fine big dog named Fanny. One day Fanny had five little puppies. When the hired man asked his mistress what he should do with them she told him to keep the prettiest one and drown the rest, if no one else wanted one.

That day little Robert Jackson went to see Mrs. Murray in her fine house. (Robert was an only child and loved to go out to see his neighbor, Mrs. Murray, and her pets.)

When Pat, the hired man, told him about the puppies he clapped his hands

and ran toward the stable where Fanny was, to see them. After he had admired them awhile he said, "Say, Pat, what are you going to do with 'em?" Then Pat told him that he was going to drown them all but one. Then Rob asked if he could have one and he said, "Yes, if you will come tomorrow at four o'clock."

Robert was very glad. He ran home and told his mamma, and she was happy with him.

Next day he could hardly wait for four o'clock to come. But when four did come he was interested in something else. At 4:30 he went to get ready.

When he got to the stable Pat was gone, so he sat down and cried.

When Pat came back he found him crying, and asked him what was the matter. When Robert told him Pat said, "Well I knew you wanted one very badly so I saved one for you." Then he gave it to him and said, "Remember now and always be on time."

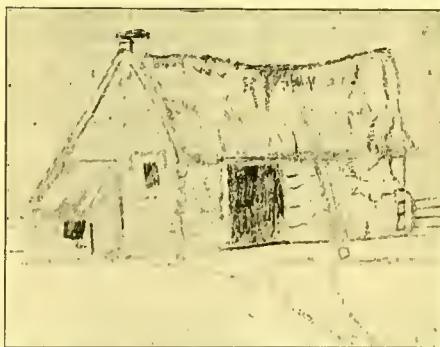
He always did remember, after that.

Eva Jacobson,

Age 14.

Colonia Dublan,

Mexico



By Alta Greathouse

Age 9.

Leamington, Utah.

New Year.

The snow is falling lightly,

The ground will soon be white;

The moon is shining brightly

With clear and steady light.

An old man, weak and feeble

Goes tottering through the snow.

His steps are slow and falter'ing,

His head is bended low.

A child, both young and hopeful,

Comes dancing o'er the ground,

While childish laugh and singing

Rings out in joyful sound.



By Le Roy Johnson,
Age 13. Morgan, Utah.

"Why, hello! Brother Old Year;
I've come now in your stead.
I'm sorry you must leave, sir,"
The youthful stranger said.

They said good-bye and parted;
And each went on his way;
The bells rang out glad token
To welcome New Year's Day.
Christina M. Cox,
Age 14. Woodruff, Utah.

February.

February brings us ice and snow!
Each child may bring in sunshine tho'.
Be kind and good to all you see,
Remember God and truthful be.
United and obedient stand;
Assist the weak with helping hand,
Remember God is watching all
Your actions whether great or small.
Grace Greenwood,
Age 10. Sandy R. D. 3, Utah.

A True Story.

When I was a very little girl, I was standing by the door one evening, when a small grey object bounded across the back lawn and stood scratching on the screen. I opened the door and a little grey kitten jumped into my arms trembling. I wondered if the boys had been

chasing and throwing rocks at it, it seemed so frightened.

"Oh, mamma, may I keep it?" I asked. "It has no mother, and wants some one to love it." But mamma said, "No, you cannot keep it," but I persuaded her to let me do so. I then put it outside in a box with a slat over the top and put some milk inside for it to drink. In the night I heard a meowing and meowing. I went to the window, and saw a big black cat trying to get at the little one. I stood and listened and at last it stopped crying.

In the morning I went out to feed the kitten and the big black cat was still there. I let the kitten out and the old cat instantly began to lick it and love it. Then I knew she must be the mother. She looked up at me very pleadingly, then took her little one by the nape of the neck and tried to carry it. She staggered along with her baby which was almost as large as herself, and finally got it over to the fence and meowed for the little one to follow. She coaxed, pleaded and scolded as mothers sometimes will, then finally the kitten jumped upon the fence and both bounded over and trotted away. I never saw my little kitten again.

J. Y. Grover,
Age 13. Salt Lake City.



Photo by Stanley Anderson,
Age 14. Rexburg, Ida.

COMPETITION NO. 21.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.
Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close March 1st.
Every contribution must bear the

name, age and address of the sender and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

Pictures should not be folded.

Address, The Children's Budget Box,
Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple
Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.

The "Why" Puzzle.

We have received nearly one hundred answers to the December "Why" puzzle. It didn't seem to be much of a "puzzle" after all, for all of the children know exactly why they read the Juvenile Instructor and why others should read it. One wise boy wrote that he "read it to see what was in it." Most of the answers, however, were splendid, and every one ought to receive a prize; but, of course, you remember we only promised books to the best ten answers received, so many will be disappointed. We have decided to give fifteen prizes to the following:

Margaret Baker, Boulder, Utah.

Thora Baldwin, Calder's Station, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

Rulon S. Barnes, Stanrod, Utah.

Oneta Hansen, R. F. D. 2, Box 28, St. Anthony, Ida.

Elmira Harward, Aurora, Utah.

Erma Hillier, Magrath, Alta, Canada.

Eliza Holley, Mapleton, Utah.

Annie Jones, Yuma, Idaho.

Zada Justesen, American Fork, Utah.

Wallace Lazenby, Loa, Utah.

Katie Lemmon, Huntington, Utah.

Eva Owen, Snowflake, Arizona.

Erroll Rich, R. F. D. Box 58, Morgan, Utah.

Brenda Smith, Smithfield, Utah.

M. Verne Thurber, Manard, Idaho.

Bird Riddle.

1. There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow,
2. One which boys use when with long strides they go,
3. One, we're told by the poet, at heaven's gate sings,
4. There's one which in Holland the new baby brings.

5. Which bird is an artisan, works at his trade?
6. And which is the stuff of which flags are made?
7. There is one that a farmer in harvest would use.
8. And one you can easily fool if you choose.
9. What bird, at dessert, is it useful to hold?
10. And which in the chimney place oft hung of old?
11. Which bird wears a bit of sky in its dress?
12. Which one always stands in the corner at chess?
13. There is one built a church of London the pride.
14. We have one when we walk with a friend by our side.
15. What bird would its bill find useful at tea?
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea?
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears?
18. And which the same name as a small island bears?
19. Which bird is called foolish, and stupid, and silly?
20. And which always wanting to punish poor Billy?
21. From a high wind at evening what name is inferred?
22. Guess these and you're wise as Minerva's own bird.

Rules.

Competition will close March 1st
Answers must be written in ink and bear the name, address and age of the sender.

Address: Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Runaway Doll

(III)

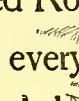


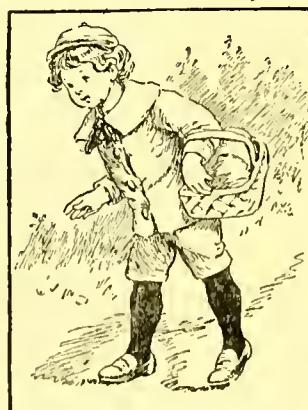
POP-CORN! Fresh pop-com!" That was what Jimmy the little pop-corn was calling as he went through the cars with his tray. His mother had popped the corn in a big over a bright , and sprinkled in some of it and made the rest into cakes with and tied it up in dainty , and packed it in the for him, with a white at top and bottom. How good it looked! And yet the people did not buy it. Each one was busy reading his or his , or looking out of the , and did not notice Jimmy. "Pop-corn! Fresh pop-corn!" he called, holding out his tray to a little girl with blue eyes and curly hair sitting in a seat all by herself. She did not turn her eyes to look at him, and looked at her again, and, lo, it was not a little girl at all, but a beautiful big ! Her little mother had left her behind, and she was traveling all by herself with her little and . She looked so lonely, and she smiled with her red lips and held out her hands so



sweetly to Jimmy, that he picked her up and carried her with him through the cars. Tucked away in her  he found a  with her name on it --- Rose Rambler.



"Does any one know a little girl who has lost a  named Rose Rambler?" he asked, stopping at every . And all the people shook their heads and said, "No." But Rose smiled at them with her red  and held out her  so sweetly that they could not help smiling back, and then they saw the  in Jimmy's . Everybody wanted pop-corn now. Everybody put down his  or his  and bought a . And before Jimmy knew it, his  was empty, and his pocket was full of  ! "Thank you, pretty Rose!" he said. "I shall take you home to my little lame sister, and she will love you with all her  for being so good to me!" And into the empty popcorn  he put the , and covered her up with one of the , and went off as happy as a  to his mother and his little lame sister at home.



Laughlets.

Couldn't Fool Her.

First Society Lady.—“That pretty baby we've just passed is mine.”

Second Society Lady.—“How ever did you know?”

First Society Lady.—“I recognized the nurse.”—Tit-Bits.

His Prospect.

Her Prospective.—“There are no grounds on which your father could throw me out.”

His Prospective.—“No, not in the front of the house, but there's a bed of gladiolas in the back yard which looks quite soft.”—Brooklyn Life.

Allowances.

“Every husband ought to make his bride a regular allowance from the start,” said Senator Depew, at a wedding reception in New York.

“This is but just,” he continued, “because from the start every bride finds that she must constantly make allowances for her husband.”

A Sainted Leg.

Little Girl.—“Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?”

Veteran's Little Girl.—“Yes.”

Little Girl.—“Where's his other one?”

Veteran's Little Girl.—“Hush, dear. It's in heaven.”—Home Herald.

Done For.

Grocer.—“Did that watermelon I sold you do for the whole family?”

Customer.—“Very nearly. The doctor is calling yet.”

Homelike.

A man entered an eating-house and ordered a steak and fried potatoes.

“Yes, sir; steak and potatoes, sir,” said the waiter. “And will you have chops and peas along with it?”

“No; thank you.”

“Roast beef, then, perhaps, sir? The roast beef's very fine today.”

“No, just steak and potatoes.”

“How about a nice lobster or a brace of crabs, sir, with the steak?”

“No!”

“Shad-roe and succotash, perhaps, sir?”

“No, I tell you!”

“A nice mess of fried catfish and waf—”

But at this point the proprietor summoned the waiter to him.

“What do you mean, you scoundrel,” he said, “by tormenting that patron in such an outrageous manner?”

“Oh, I wasn't tormenting him, sir,” said the waiter. “I was just trying to make him feel at home. He's a barber.”—Epworth Herald.

The Easiest Way.

Teacher.—“How will they use airships in war, Jimmy?”

Jimmy.—“Induce the enemy to go up in 'em, ma'am.”—Puck

Not to be Disturbed.

Waiter (to night nurse watching patient).—“Have some coffee, ma'am?”

Night Nurse.—“No, I greatly fear that that would keep me awake.”—Le Rire.

The Right Side.

Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm).—“With all your city eddication, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow frum?”

The Boy.—“Sure, I do. It's the under side!”—Puck.

Natural.

“You've been making speeches all through the corn belt,” said the political manager; “do you notice any result?”

“Yes,” answered the spellbinder; “my voice has become quite husky.”—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't See the Point.

Gritty Pikes.—“It's a heartless world, pard. Think what a woman done when I asked her to give me something to keep body and soul together!”

Muddy Lanes.—“Can't imagine.”

Gritty Pikes.—“She gimme a safety-pin!”—Chicago News.

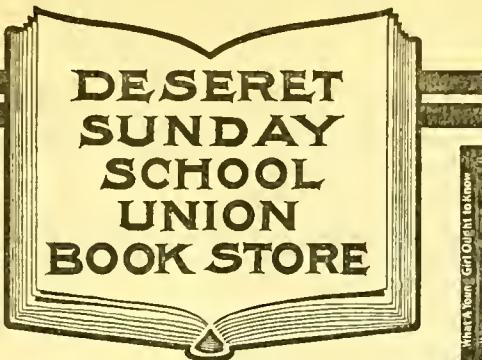
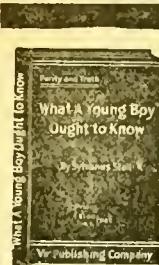
Blue and Black.

“You look blue.”

“I am. I have called on her father.”

“What did he say that so upset you?”

“It was not what he said that upset me.”—Houston Post.



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